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New Statesman

14 March 1986 80p IR£1.30 US$1.50 By Air

Mitterrand faces LE CRUNCH

DENIS MacSHANE

JOHN SAVAGE: **Sigue Sigue Sputnik**
MAURICE PESTON: **Lawson's SOS budget**
BARRY HUGILL: **Tories go for the schools**

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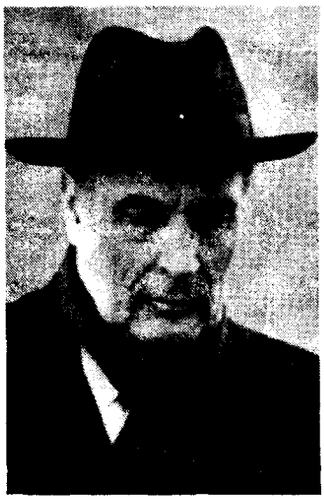

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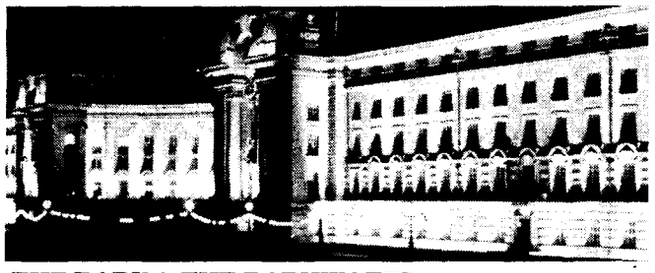

THE BABY & THE BATHWATER
Over-riding advice even from within her own party, the Prime Minister gets away at midnight 31 March with destruction of the independent political voices in the six Met Counties and — above all — London's GLC. We look at the issues in a special report which includes analysis of the comparable fight for its own voice by America's capital Washington DC

'OH YANK, LET'S GO HOME!'
War veteran MARTHA GELLHORN pleads for fellow citizens to read again the USA's Declaration of Independence — and get out of Central America

TUBULAR BELLE
JULES LUBBOCK praises the new-look London Underground

WHERE THERE'S A WILL
ANDREW RISSIK compares Terry Eagleton's and Germaine Greer's views on Shakespeare

FADING AWAY
SHEILA MacLEOD wonders whether it's useful to see anorexia as a female problem

New Statesman

Vol 111 No 2868 14 March 1986

Felipe wriggles on his anti-NATO hook

AS WE GO to press it looks likely that Spain's referendum on staying in NATO has gone against Prime Minister Felipe Gonzalez. Even if all the opinion polls turn out to have been completely up the spout, the whole episode will have done substantial political damage to Gonzalez personally.

In 1982 the promise that they would hold this referendum was a major factor in the Socialists' landslide victory. The general assumption, above all within the party, the PSOE, was that a new Socialist government would campaign for a 'no' vote for withdrawal. But then came Gonzalez's pro-NATO 'conversion', which has used up much of his political capital with the general electorate and placed great internal strain on his party.

PSOE's impressive electoral machine was duly wheeled out. It spent some £2 million on an advertising and personal letter campaign. Neil Kinnock was in Spain in January to beat the drum for Gonzalez (offset last month by Tony Benn arguing persuasively that to leave NATO was not the same thing as being anti-European and by E.P. Thompson delivering his anti-power bloc message to an estimated audience of 750,000 in Madrid).

But, when Gonzalez finally decided last summer to go ahead with the referendum, his anti-NATO foreign minister, Fernando Moran, was shuffled off to be Ambassador to the United Nations; the Young Socialists were muzzled and stopped from supporting the 'no' campaign; and the Socialist trade union, the UGT, was 'persuaded' to restrict its anti-NATO campaign to a single letter to its members. The activists have been very confused and unhappy at Gonzalez's volte-face.

There are disconcerting echoes from this Spanish referendum for those who trust that a future Labour government will some day come to office, committed to a radically different defence policy from our present one. The British condition, of course, is not the same as the Spanish. Anti-NATO and anti-American feeling has run stronger and longer in Spain than in this country. Its defeat by the US in the war of 1898 — Spain's last real external war — and the consequent loss of Cuba — Spain's last colony in the Americas — still rankles. Anti-Americanism runs right across the political spectrum, but the Left resents in particular the 1953 bilateral Treaty with the US, which established US military bases on Spanish soil and underpinned the Franco regime right up to the end.

Against that the understanding is growing daily in Britain that the United States dominates NATO and that American obsession with the evil of Communism and the supposed threat of Soviet invasion does not serve British and European interests. Yet Britain, in its role as America's unsinkable aircraft carrier and principal forward base for European operations, is infinitely more important in the Pentagon's scheme of things than Spain, with its four American bases and 12,000 service personnel. And a United Kingdom that went unilateralist, unlike Spain withdrawing from NATO, would call into question all existing concepts of 'deterrence' within NATO and require a complete rethinking of the relationship between American and European defence policy in NATO.

The 'fudges' about NATO that have been available to a Socialist government in Spain (when in office it came under direct American pressure against the policies on which it was elected), will not be available to a future Labour government in this country. Gonzalez

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tried to sugar the pill partly (and unconvincingly) by trying to argue that links with NATO reinforce a 'European' identity. More directly he has asserted that continued Spanish membership of NATO would have three 'special conditions' attached to it: 1. Spain will stay outside the 'military structure' of NATO; 2. Spain will remain nuclear free; 3. US troops in the peninsular will 'gradually' be replaced by Spanish troops.

Even in the Spanish context such 'special conditions' are pretty cosmetic. The concept of NATO's military structure was invented in 1966 so that President de Gaulle could be outside it. Yet France is in fact still represented on NATO committees for Nuclear Plans, Air Defence, Infrastructure and Logistics (all conveniently classified as non-military) and even has an observer on the absolutely key Military Committee, which is directly responsible for the various military commands. Spain is even more militarily 'integrated', being a full member of both the Military Committee and the Defence Plans Committee.

Likewise, the special condition of remaining a nuclear free zone is open to scepticism. It dates from 1966, when a US Air Force plane carrying a nuclear bomb crashed near Palomares in southern Spain. The Americans in practice refuse to confirm or deny that warheads are held in Spain, though they almost certainly are. In view of Spain's strategic position in the Mediterranean, they would, in any case, be introduced at short notice in time of tension. Certainly, the giant US naval base at Rota in the Bay of Cadiz was designed specifically to handle nuclear submarines.

In the future case of a British government trying under pressure to wriggle out of its unilateralist commitments with special conditions à la Gonzalez there would inevitably be involved a complete renegotiation of the British military relationship with the United States and with NATO. The political difficulties that Gonzalez has been experiencing in these last months as a result of entering into pre-election commitments that he had not worked out in advance how to carry through would look then in retrospect like a picnic. □

'Friends' that rape victims don't need

SUDDENLY RAPE has taken its place, alongside heroin and Aids, as the scourge of society. Such moral panics rarely illuminate the problem and certainly do not produce clear-sighted ways of doing anything about it. This week's publicity about rape tells us little about the causes and nature of the crime, but quite a lot about our continuing culture of fear that society is breaking down.

For the *Sun*, chief purveyor of images of teenage girls as sex objects, the answer is to sent out its photographers to dog the victim of a rape, to publish her picture on its front page and, separately to lambast a jury for, quite properly, acquitting a man on a charge where the forensic evidence against him was inadequate. For the *Daily Mail*, the answer is a slightly muted version of the same thing, backed up with a major feature on 'the brutal plague sweeping Britain'. This identifies the starting problem as 'mothers who all too frequently seek sexual variety, freedom from the irksome responsibilities of the home, and put self before child.'

Nicholas Fairbairn, the Conservative MP who is always ready with an instant comment on sex and violence if it's in the news, is leading the parliamentary call for a change in the law on acceptable evidence in trials, while fellow Conservative MP John Townend calls for 'savage sentences' and the use of capital punishment.

For the many women who have campaigned over years to get public, police, politicians and judiciary to take the crime of rape more seriously, this sudden public concern is of dubious value. Certainly changes in the law are urgently needed. But the first, if politicians now do accept that rape, in Lord Dean's words this week, is a 'vile obscene crime', is to make rape in marriage a crime. The belief, held by many Conservative MPs, that for a man to have sexual intercourse with his wife without her consent is merely a husband's prerogative, part of his 'marital rights', is not qualitatively different from the view that men have the right to use women for their sexual purposes.

Changes in police and court practices are needed. The most urgent is the setting up a nationwide range of facilities for rape victims to report the crime with as little trauma as possible and support for the victim in giving evidence in a trial. Here, where the victim's only legal status is that of a witness, the prosecution far too often fails to make her case and to give her the support she needs.

As for the causes of rape, there is remarkably little revealing research on the matter. Criminal psychology is not only seriously underfunded, it is in its research and treatment too peremptory and too frequently punitive to produce any useful insights. It is wrong to assume that the man who commits acts of rape with great brutality is fundamentally the same as the man who likes to read pornographic magazines. Judged by his actions, he clearly *is* significantly different.

But it is right to recognise that the creators of popular sexist culture may share some of the attitudes that are part of the motive for rape: the fear and hatred of women and of sex, the desire to punish women for men's feelings of frustration, impotence or rage. These attitudes are not just the responsibility of 'mothers'. They lie with every photographer and journalist, every film-maker, every editor, every person who is happy to perpetutate the view that women exist to serve men's needs. □

Ice-cold stars of the firmament

SPACE EXPLORATION (like we all thought we'd love and admire it) came back this week, after the miseries of the shuttle tragedy and its dire background of privatised outer space and Star Wars. *Horizon*'s computer graphics of Tuesday night showed the various probes, Soviet, Japanese and European in the forefront, bustling and jostling in their trajectories across the sun, like some robotic comedy on the lines of *Those Magnificent Men in their Flying Machines* towards the finishing tape: Halley's Comet.

As we say, this was space exploration as childhood imagination wants it to be — excitable scientists tossing inventions at a celebrity mystery, and with only one chance for three-quarters of a century of getting it right. 'Mad scientists' from Europe itself and the East, and not just from the super-powers, international science just like it's supposed to be. Each of the probe-rockets, filmed at take-off, looking endearingly unlike the next, reflecting the local culture as much as an indigenous motor car or fashion design.

But let us be solemn. There is a serious point to all these goings-on. No one can have missed the allegory, the satire, on our own political firmament. There floats the once-in-a-lifetime phenomenon, Mrs Thatcher, soon to depart into the infinite dark. She works on her manifesto (binary with Norman Tebbit). And her hapless Cabinet has to fire off probes to try to penetrate the mystery of what it will be composed of.

The allegory becomes ever more stupefying as one probes into it. The antediluvian nature of Mrs Thatcher's point of origin has mystified a generation of analysts: is she a primordial chunk merely of the 1950s, or, as she seems to claim herself, of the protohistoric Victorian age? Is it a mud-ball of ice that lies in the very centre of that great glowing cloud of gas, awesomely enlarged when she flew in from the frosts of the Department of Education to the great power-house of 10 Downing St? The riddle deserves its own last heave from the world scientific community. Pending the General Election probe. □

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DOUNREAY, NOT MILITANT, EXERCISES LABOUR AT PERTH CONFERENCE

ROB EDWARDS reports on the unexpected turn taken by last week's Scottish Labour conference, when nuclear power suddenly shot to the top of the agenda

LABOUR Conferences are strange, unpredictable yet lovable creatures. You can never tell whether they are going to excite you, bite you, or send you to sleep. You can never be sure which way they are going to jump.

Thus the expected highlights of last weekend's Scottish Conference in Perth — devolution and Militant — turned out to be non-events. Everyone agreed, as they have agreed for some years, that the next Labour government would establish an elected Scottish Assembly; and few even noticed any Militant supporters, let alone thought of expelling them. The most intriguing and instructive battle was about a subject few commentators had predicted, and the politics of which even fewer could understand — nuclear power.

It was the pro-nuclear power lobby that struck first on the opening morning of conference last Friday. Alan Byron, a sort of Gavin Laird prototype represeting the engineering union (AUEW) at the Dounreay nuclear plant, moved that the section of the Scottish Executive's report recounting its opposition to plans to build a new European plutonium fuel reprocessing plant at the north of Scotland site should be rejected. His motion was narrowly defeated, thanks mainly to the Transport and General Workers Union (TGWU) delegation casting its 130,000 votes against it.

Urgent messages passed

Realising then that a motion opposed to the Dounreay development and due to be debated on Sunday was likely to be passed, Byron contacted his TGWU colleagues at the plant and persuaded them of the need for last minute lobbying. As a result, the TGWU delegation received two urgent messages at its Saturday morning meeting: one from its Dounreay branch and one from senior union officials, both insisting that the union should not support the anti-Dounreay motion.

The ostensible argument for adopting this position — clearly at odds with the union's strongly anti-nuclear power policy agreed at its last biennial delegates' conference — was the motion's failure to mention alternative employment opions. The real reason was that all its 600 members at the plant were threatening to resign en masse and join the electricians' union (EETPU) if the TGWU opposed the Dounreay development.

The Janus position

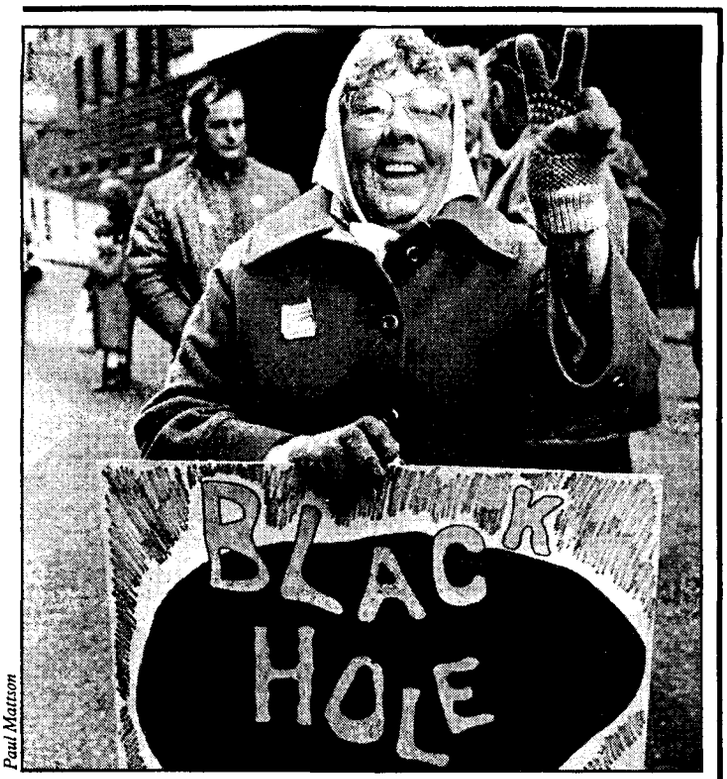
In the circumstances the TGWU delegation decided to abstain on the Dounreay motion, but to continue to support another motion which called for 'the shelving of any future nuclear stations' but made no specific reference to Dounreay. This meant that the conference was likely to reject the anti-Dounreay motion but accept the general anti-nuclear motion. It would end up in the classic position of looking both ways at once.

Fearful of the foolishness of such a stance and anxious about the damage that could be done if the Dounreay motion were defeated, anti-nuclear activists secretly agreed a surprise tactic. So when the Falkirk West constituency party delegate responsible for the Dounreay motion came to the rostrum late on Sunday morning, he did two things. He argued that the issue had already been decided at the start of the conference when Byron's move to reject the party's anti-Dounreay policy had been voted down — and he withdrew the motion.

Livid electricians

The engineers and the electricians, outmanoeuvred at the eleventh hour, were understandably furious. The general anti-nuclear motion was passed by 452,000 to 266,000 votes. And the anti-nuclear lobby were told by one senior trade unionist that they had been 'cunning bastards'.

What happened at the Scottish conference has three major implications for this year's national conference. First, the pro-nuclear power lobby is clearly not going to take its recent setbacks lying down — it is beginning to fight back. Second, without adequate answers on alternative employment, the anti-nuclear case becomes very vulnerable. And third, if each side refuses to compromise, this is an issue that could fatally damage the Labour party. ●



Paul Mattson

Several thousand women marched from Tower Bridge to Wapping as part of numerous events worldwide to mark International Women's Day last Saturday. Men lined the route to cheer them on and seemed to give encouragement to every contingent except the Lesbian Printworkers. (God, they're so predictable.) The 24-hour picket of Brixton prison where two Irish women prisoners, Ella O'Dwyer and Martina Anderson, are being frequently strip-searched (*NS* 13 September 1985) was also cheered on — this time from inside the prison, with sheets, towels and other articles flapping from windows. In other parts of the world women met with harassment. In Chile, for example, police moved in on a march of 2,000 women with tear gas and batons. An eight-women British delegation was there and will be reporting back 15 March. For more information phone 01-272 4298.

LRT tries it on with the GLC

AN OUTRAGEOUS bill for £2.5m has been presented to the GLC by London Regional Transport, in an attempt to milk ratepayers in the dying days of the GLC, and to cut government spending. It's a supplementary bill for old people's free travel on buses and tubes, which is paid for by the GLC. LRT says it underestimated the bill.

However, LRT has twice put up fares since it was taken over by the government in 1984. Partly as a result of this high fares policy, LRT now expects to beat by £16m the government's subsidy target of £95m, The GLC is naturally uncertain why it should have to pick up the tab.

The GLC is likely to seek further discussions with LRT, in the hope of persuading it to be more reasonable. Should discussions not produce an agreement by 27 March — and they seem unlikely to, given the pace at which bureaucracies work, then the bill will be inherited by the London Residuary Body.

Mick Hamer

Militants fail to get surcharge sympathy

FOUR HUNDRED people assembled for a 'mass rally' and strike meeting on the steps of Liverpool's St George's hall last Friday. Ostensibly in support of the 48 surcharged councillors, it was also meant to imply support for those threatened by the NEC enquiry.

The disastrous turnout was a clear signal from the city's 31,000 workforce that the attempt to use the surcharge issue to get support for the Militant members up before the NEC had failed. Local union leaders testified there was a lot of sympathy for the councillors' plight but even more suspicion about the motives of those calling for the strike.

Perhaps the one good effect of the Met County abolition is the availability of redundant but experienced county councillors unsmeared by city scandals who can fight the May council elections and the expected 'disqualification' by-elections. Keva Coombes, leader of Merseyside county council, is under quiet pressure to come forward. It would take all his talents to succeed.

Ian Williams

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Police 'assault' case comes badly unstuck

GERALD FARRELLEY was hit over the head with a truncheon by an off-duty policeman so hard that the truncheon split in two. But it was he who ended up in court last week, charged with hitting the policeman on the back with an exhaust pipe.

Farrelley, a 22 year old sales rep, was acquitted of actual bodily harm at Southwark Crown Court last Friday. The jury were evidently unimpressed by the claim made by PC Frank Geraghty, also 22, that he had been set upon by four youths, including Farrelley, and repeatedly beaten up. A police doctor who examined the policeman after the incident could find nothing more serious than a graze on Geraghty's little finger, and pronounced him fit for work. Farrelley, by contrast, needed six stitches in his head.

Kebab house quarrel

The attack happened on 8 August, two days after Farrelley and Geraghty had had a disagreement in a kebab house. According to Farrelley, he and some friends 'had been for a drink and were having a meal afterwards. There were one or two off-duty coppers in the restaurant. We were sitting there laughing and joking and minding our own business. They were giving us dirty looks and another copper came in. We saw there was going to be trouble and started to leave. The copper who had just come in said 'watch it or I'll smash you all over the wall.' Two days later Farrelley and his friends saw PC Geraghty in the street. One of the friends shouted 'wanker' at Geraghty, who replied, 'come on, I can take on all four of you' and hit Farrelley on the head with the truncheon.

Blank notebook

Geraghty didn't record the existence of the exhaust pipe in his notebook at the time of the incident, and only went back to set it some time later. Farrelley never saw it until it was produced in court.

Farrelley was reluctant to talk to the press after his acquittal. But he did agree to speak to a reporter from the Central News agency. Her copy was used last Sunday by the *Sunday People*, but mangled in such a way as to cast doubt on Farrelley's claim that he had been hit by a truncheon — even though Geraghty had admitted it in court. Farrelley now wants to publicise the incident 'so people know what the police are like'.

Farrelley took the matter to the police complaints authority at the time of the assault, but so far there has been no result. He now intends to sue the police as soon as he can get legal aid.

Jolyon Jenkins

DID YOU THINK ONLY THE UK HAS LOONY CUSTOMS?

A FREEDOM CHARTER now to be brought into law by Canada's Conservative government could bust wide open censorship operations against lesbian and gay reading matter by Canadian Customs and the Mounties. ANDREW LUMSDEN on a breakthrough with implications for the Gay's the Word case here in Britain

CANADA'S Ministry of Justice — note they *have* one, as the *NS* keeps advocating for England and Wales — has startled the government's own Conservative supporters by pledging opposition to discrimination against lesbians and gays in 'areas of Federal jurisdiction'. The promise is part of a package-approval of the Canadian Charter of Rights & Freedoms first floated in 1982.

The only British press comment so far (*The Times* 10 March) more or less frivolously headlined the event *Gays may join Mounties*. The real and immediate fascination for lesbians and gays and the book trade over here is that escalating censorship in Canada of lesbian and gay reading matter brought in from the USA is plunged into open judicial disarray — in contrast to the obfuscated disarray over here, where Customs law and practise, and the Obscene Publications Act, are in preposterous disunity (*NS* 5 July 1985).

A Canadian judgement of April 1985 which found that country's

Customs bans on books 'unconstitutionally broad' was overturned by Ottowa in 'emergency legislation' reaffirming Customs powers. But that special legislation expires this 30 June. It should now be open to lawyers for Canadian lesbian and gay bookshops to drive a wedge between the Justice Ministry's declaration of principle, and the fact that two Canadian federal agencies, both Customs and the Mounties, have procured bookshop bans and import bans on homosexual reading matter.

The key test in Canada could come in about the autumn of this year when the Defense Fund of the country's premier lesbian/gay bookshop, Glad Day, of Toronto (founded 1970 with a branch in Boston, Mass), is set to contest a Canadian Customs declaration of 4 December 1985 that *The Joy of Gay Sex* is 'obscene'. Published by Simon & Schuster in New York in 1977, co-authored by novelist Edmund White, the book has also been seized by British Customs & Excise — despite uninterrupted sale in both countries of *The Joy of Sex* (heterosexual).

Which brings us back to the good ol' UK. For White's co-author was clinical psychologist Dr Charles Silverstein. In their first lesbian/gay book seizure since the flurry of over 140 titles in 1984, British Customs have just 'detained' five copies of Silverstein's *Man to Man* ordered from America by Gay's the Word. Gay's the Word, whose major trial of strength with Customs opens at the Old Bailey on 6 October, challenged the decision this Monday 10 March, and another court case is therefore likely. The book is a 1981 sociological research work on gay couples.

The shop's local MP, Frank Dobson (Labour, Holborn & St Pancras) is taking the matter up with Treasury minister Peter Brooke in the hope that the 'seizure notice' can be withdrawn before any court action. David Whitaker, publisher of the *Bookseller*, has read a copy and finds 'nothing illegal under the laws which govern the publication of books in *this* country'. ●

Vote again until you get it right, US tells islanders

SOME PEOPLE never take no for an answer. The US has just forced Belau, a tiny island in the north Pacific, to vote for the *sixth* time in seven years on whether to overturn its nuclear-free constitution — the world's first.

It was a close thing. Seventy two per cent voted in favour in the plebiscite on 21 February; a 75 per cent vote in favour is needed to replace the constitution with a new 'Compact of Free Association' with the US, enabling America to use the island for military bases.

But Washington is desperate to get its nukes into Belau. Jittery over events in the Philippines, it has pinpointed the island as part of a 'defensive arc' alternative to the Subic Bay naval base and Clark air base, in case 'people power' obstructs renewal of the base leases in 1991.

The US is now saying a 'simple majority of 50 per cent' should be enough — and just in case that doesn't work, is cooking up a deal with Belau's President Salii (who came to power last year after the incumbent President Remelik was assassinated) for a 'government to government' treaty to circumvent the constitution.

Touring round Britain to stir up some support for her people this week is Lorenzo Pedro from Belau. 'First the US made us economically dependent on it, then it promised us financial aid if we accept the Compact', she says. 'The US spent £200,000 campaigning to change our constitution this year — and we couldn't even afford to get to all parts of the island to have our say.'

The US already exerts considerable influence over Belau as it is part of a chain of islands set up as a UN Trusteeship after World War Two and administered by the US. Under the Compact the US wants, Belau is promised freedom from the 'yoke of foreign domination and control which has prevailed over the past 78 years.' That freedom includes the US using a third of Belauan land for military bases — a forward base for Trident, a jungle training ground, two airfields for anti-submarine plans and 2,000 acres for storage of nuclear and chemical weapons.

Jane Dibblin

For more information on the Pacific women's tour of Britain phone Liz Fawder in Manchester Council's Nuclear Free Zone Unit: 061-234 3244.

Dirty tricks by Kent Tories

A BY-ELECTION for a seat on Gravesend council in Kent last month saw the ruling Tory group use novel tactics in their efforts to reduce a huge Labour majority.

Knowing their candidate stood no chance in Riverside — an area with 20 per cent unemployment — they fielded a Asian 'independent' candidate in the hope of splitting the vote in an area where the many Asian voters would normally support Labour.

Ajeet Singh, a taxi driver, was put up by Mr Sam Jodka, the owner of a local taxi firm and a Conservative Party member, who has been trying to persuade the 8,000-strong Sikh community to turn their backs on Labour in favour of the 'small businessman's party'.

Local press were forbidden by Mr Jodka to speak to Mr Singh (who speaks little English). Jodka fielded all queries himself, saying that Mr Singh 'stood broadly behind Conservative policy'. Labour still romped home. The Tory got 186 votes; Mr Singh, 88.

Edward Ion

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Would *you* want to be judged by *Times* readers?

DEFENDANTS in fourteenth century court cases were allowed to veto up to 35 members of a proposed jury — a concession to the fact that there was often no defence counsel. By 1509 the figure was down to 20. By 1948 it was seven. It's now three — and last week's white paper on criminal justice talks of reducing it to two, or perhaps none.

Although it has been the 'Cyprus spy trial' and some cases where Black defendants have tried to get Black juries, that have got the Tory right worried about peremptory challenge, the (oft-repeated and suspiciously apochryphal-looking) claim that to be thrown off a jury all you have to do is wear a suit and carry a copy of *The Times* has been floating around for many years. In fact there's no official quantitative or qualitative evidence about the extent of peremptory challenge, and the DPP has only just started to monitor the practice.

BBC

Tony Hancock in *Twelve Angry Men*. Should fellow jurors perhaps get peremptory challenge?

The white paper refers the reader to the report of the Roskill committee on fraud. A majority of that committee recommended that the system should be abolished. But it admitted that it had 'considerable sympathy with the exercise of peremptory challenge with the aim of securing a better racial or sexual balance on a jury'. In other words, it believed it was legitimate to try and make a jury more representative, though apparently only in terms of race and sex, and not of class.

The present system of selecting juries has many factors making it quite likely that a jury *won't* be representative — apart from the simple fact that 12 people, even randomly chosen,is just too small a sample. There isn't actually any statutory obligation that the selection *should* be random. The Lord Chancellor's department says that courts use mathematical formulae to generate pseudo-random numbers which are then matched against the register, but the process isn't open to scrutiny, and according to barrister Peter Thorton, it is not uncommon for most of the jurors at an Old Bailey trial, to come from, say, the borough of Hillingdon.

Ethnic minorities seem to be selected less often than they should be. It has been known for a panel of 56 potential jurors in Bradford to contain not a single Asian. Since 1984, people who have been sentenced to *any* imprisonment or community service are debarred from service. The clergy are ineligible, for being too inclined to compassion. And there is still nothing in law to stop Special Branch carrying out jury vetting. Compared with the convoluted and secretive process of jury selection, peremptory challenge is at least open and simple.

Jolyon Jenkins

Unequal opportunities

Stockport council has declared itself an equal opportunities employer — to everyone but lesbians and gay men. This Saturday, 15 March, the council will be the target of a demonstration co-organised by NALGO and Manchester Council's Equal Opportunities Unit. Similar pressure forced Rugby council to concede on the same issue last year.

Meanwhile, a survey on anti-lesbian discrimination, *All in a Day's Work*, has been released this week. It makes revealing reading. Of the 171 respondents, 88 per cent said they'd suffered discrimination and harassment because they were lesbians. Seven per cent were dismissed and 12 per cent threatened with dismissal. As one put it: 'If you want to fight for feminist or gay issues you have to be prepared to lose your job — or give it up.'

Jane Dibblin

All in a Day's Work *is published by Lesbian Employment Rights, Southbank House, Black Prince Rd, London SE1 7SJ.*

MISCELLANY

Forward with Liechtenstein

As Robert Maxwell's *Mirror* continues to lurch from pillar to post and back again (for example when he first bought it he changed the masthead to *The Mirror* and proclaimed below it 'Forward with Britain', but now for some inexplicable reason it has crept back to being the *Daily Mirror*). The latest to join the exodus of distinguished journalists who once gave the paper its reputation is Geoffrey Goodman, the paper's industrial editor since 1969, whose career in journalism also took in the *Manchester Guardian*, the *News Chronicle* and the *Daily Herald*. He is taking early retirement, presumably because he like other good journalists has found that his face doesn't fit at the Court of the Mad Czech.

Wapping exclusives

How good it is to see that the Sunday Times *hasn't abandoned its commitment to investigative journalism. Last Sunday's issue had*

a fearless front page exposé by ace reporter Barrie Penrose of a school that, for a fee, writes essays for rich and lazy students. Some might think that the Guardian*'s education page had exposed the racket perfectly adequately a week previously. But it can't be easy producing brand new revelations from behind barbed wire.*

Exiles all

Ex-president Marcos of the Philippines has a lot stashed away all over the world, including London, and the new government in Manila would like it back. The *Sunday Times* (yes, we take their stories too) last week reported that some of Marcos's London property was held in a friend's name — 'in fact, the wife of a prominent member of the House of Lords'. We don't believe in nudge-wink journalism, so let's name names. The peer in question is the third Baron Moynihan — half brother of Tory MP Colin — and the 'friend' of Marcos is Moynihan's third (ex) wife Luthgarda, a former Filipino belly-dance living in London. Moynihan is in exile in the Philippines having fled this country in 1969. He was up on fraud charges when 'it was suggested I might like to push off to avoid a spell in the Scrubs'. The Australians would also like to interview him on drug smuggling charges. Even 'people power' is going to have a tough time getting Marcos's goodies back from people like this.

Torbay blues

When Frederick Bennett, Tory MP for Torbay, steps down at the next election, Rupert Allason, Né Nigel West, author of authoritative tomes on MI5 and MI6, will inherit an eminently winnable seat. The question is: will he still be the Tory candidate then? Since his adoption he has successfully offended a large part of his constituency party by telling blue jokes at a Tory function, admitting afterwards that he'd, 'misjudged his audience'. He's also confided in a local newspaper that he'd had to make some sacrifices in coming to Torbay, in particular buying a house without a garage in which to fit his Porsche. Mr Allason, however, obviously feels that right will triumph in the end — his membership of the NUJ is about to lapse due to his bank's failure to pay his sub into the right account.

We're *all* Spetznaz now

A very strange article has appeared in a Baltimore publication called *Early Warning*. It doesn't have a byline, but its style bears an uncanny resemblance to that of Yossef Bodansky, the imaginative correspondent of *Jane's Defence Weekly*, who uses the *Early Warning* office to take his messages. Bodansky, you'll recall, claimed that amidst Greenham women were Spetznaz spies — a claim rubbished by Claudia Wright and Duncan Campbell in the *NS* 7 February. *Early Warning* is edited by, among others, Arnaud de Borchgrave, the far-right protege of the Rev. Sun Myung Moon. Our 'anonymous' writer repeats the claim that female Spetznaz commandos have 'maintained an on-the-ground presence' at Greenham since 1983, and then says that 'the hysterical response to this report from the Soviet embassy in London, from the leftist press and protest organisations . . . was a dead giveaway that *Jane's* was on the right track'. On the other hand, says the author, the fact that the US media totally ignored the report also contributes to its credibility — sounding a favourite De Borchgrave theme that the US media has been penetrated by Soviet (or KGB) stooges. The writer of the article then goes *completely* haywire, spouting inaccuracies about Duncan and Claudia, and accusing all his critics and doubters of being 'Soviet media assets'. What he doesn't do, strangely, is refute any of the *NS* claims about Bodansky.

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SCRUTINY

BOOM FOR THE FEW

Last week the FT ordinary share index broke through 1300, taking the stock market to its highest-ever levels. A few weeks earlier the OECD predicted that Britain's would be the second slowest-growing economy of the seven major industrial nations. PATRICK FORBES questions the economic logic of the stock market's death-defying performance, and points to a tax loophole for the City's newly rich

The stock market has enjoyed a remarkable boom — even by international standards. Over the past five years it has outperformed all the other major international exchanges, Wall St, Tokyo, Frankfurt; with the British share index rising by 140 per cent.

Yet this boom is not the result of faster growth in Britain than elsewhere, or higher inflation. IMF figures show that after accounting for inflation, the index rose by 70 per cent in real terms between 1980 and 1985. Only Tokyo bettered Throgmorton Street's performance in real terms, but did so by a meagre 10 per cent. Yet the Japanese economy grew at twice the speed of Britain's over the same period.

So what has been buoying up the British stock market? The answer is company profit. While labour's share of national income has dropped as millions are made unemployed, capital's has risen as company profits have enjoyed a sustained revival. Gross trading profits of British industrial and commercial companies soared from £30 billion in 1981 to £50 billion in 1984, and leading analysts expect this improvement to continue through 1986.

Stockbrokers have marked up share prices as company profits exceed expectations. And companies with too much cash on their hands have resorted to buying other companies, driving up those companies' share prices in the process.

The profits are not the result of the companies' own efforts, but as the Bank of England has long maintained, the result of a weak exchange rate, which has improved British companies' competitiveness.

Camera Press

Sir Nicholas Goodison, chair of the gravity-defying Stock Exchange

Nevertheless company advisers and everybody else in the City have benefited with City salaries rising accordingly. And a tax loophole may allow them to enjoy rather more of their monies than is their due.

In the run up to the 'Big Bang' stockbroking firms are luring key personnel from other firms with enormous salaries, and a one-off transfer payment or 'golden hello', sometimes of several hundred thousand pounds. Nigel Davie, senior tax partner at accountants Spicer and Pegler, has confirmed to the *NS* that if this payment is compensation for 'loss of a right', be it loss of prospects or earnings, then it would be taxed under the relatively favourable capital gains tax, rather than income tax, saving up to 30 per cent of the original payment.

In offering staff 'golden handcuffs' — payments made only if they stay — the City has virtually ensured that brokers will save up to a hundred thousand points in tax on their transfer payments, should they move. They will be able to argue that their 'golden hello' represents compensation for the loss of their 'golden handcuff'. ●

Private psy

Famous London teaching hospitals are being forced into the arms of American private health care companies by government cuts. Because they are partly academic institutions, they've been hit by cuts in university funding as well as NHS cuts.

These pressures have forced the Institute of Psychiatry — the flagship of British training — into talks with Charter Medical, an American mental health care company.

Charter has proposed to pay £470,590 over 10 years to fund the professional chair held by Professorial Griffith Edwards. In return he will have to teach one session a week in one of Charter's clinics and the Institute will have to train doctors employed by Charter. But Charter's real purpose is to associate itself with the most famous name in British psychiatry.

Few patients will have heard of the Institute: Charter's marketing is aimed at psychiatrists — who are more likely to refer private patients to a Charter clinic if they think Institute-trained doctors will be there.

But Charter's more daring plan — to build a private clinic in the grounds of the Bethlem Royal (an NHS hospital associated with the Institute) — was abandoned last week. Opposition, especially from junior doctors, and adverse press coverage may have frightened off the company, but Charter's managing director Michael Wellons refuses to comment, and some doctors believe that talks will still go on in secret.

Market researchers Laing and Buisson have recently circulated a questionnaire to psychiatrists in the London area, asking them where they would like new (private) clinics and what services they should offer. Wellon's won't comment when asked if Charter commissioned the survey.

There are two things the questionnaire is really interested in: whether links with NHS teaching hospitals would make clinics more attractive, and whether junior doctors should be on call.

Charter has also made overtures to the Royal Free hospital in north London, offering money for research posts in return for sending trainees to Charter's clinic. Charter approached the Maudsley and St George's hospitals, but doctors there rejected the idea.

The sort of relationship Charter would like is that between Charing Cross hosptial and the Priory, an American-owned private clinic in Roehampton, south London. Since 1983 Professor Steve Hirsch of Charing Cross has had research money from the Priory while two of his junior doctors work at the Priory on nine-month rotations.

Many leading doctors feel they have no choice because the Medical Research Council has reduced the number of studentships by two-fifths since 1982, and university psychiatry departments face a further 10 per cent cut over the next 10 years. But having an expanding private sector does nothing for the vast majority of the mentally ill — it means that scarce resources are concentrated on looking after the less serious cases.

John Rentoul

Council scoreboard

20 February

Middlesbrough DC	LIB GAIN (Con)
Carrick DC	LIB GAIN (Con)
Hampshire CC	SDP GAIN (Con)
Poole DC	SDP GAIN (Con)
Cleethorpes DC	Lab hold
Gravesham DC	Lab hold
South Somerset DC	Lib hold
Southend DC	Lib hold
Cambridgeshire CC	Con hold

27 February

Arun DC	LAB GAIN (Con)
Braintree DC	LAB GAIN (Con)
Darlington DC	LAB GAIN (Con)
Harlow DC	LAB GAIN (Con)
Kerrier DC	LAB GAIN (SDP)
Purbeck DC	LIB GAIN (Con)
Strathkelvin DC	SDP GAIN (Con)
Dunfermline DC	SNP GAIN (Lab)
South Ribble DC	Lib hold
Rushcliffe DC	Con hold

6 March

Trafford DC	LAB GAIN (Con)
Trafford DC	LAB GAIN (Con)
Kingswood DC	LAB GAIN (Con)
South Holland DC	LAB GAIN (SDP)
Salisbury DC	LIB GAIN (Con)
Fylde DC	LIB GAIN (Con)
Salford DC	LIB GAIN (Con)
Basildon DC	LIB GAIN (Lab)
Mendip DC	SDP GAIN (Con)
Thanet DC	SDP GAIN (Ind)
Shropshire CC	CON GAIN (Lib)
Stoke-on-Trent DC	Lab hold
Spelthorne DC	Lab hold
Daventry DC	Lab hold
East Staffs DC	Lab hold
Test Valley DC	Con hold

See Peter Kellner opposite for commentary.

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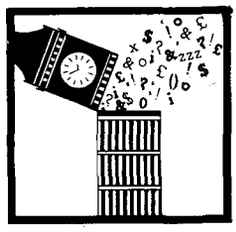

Militant-bashing wins friends and influences voters

SOMETHING is happening out there. During the past fortnight Labour has gained nine seats in local by-elections. It is by some margin Labour's best set of results since the birth of the Liberal/SDP Alliance five years ago.

Before we proceed to analysis, these are the figures for the 26 local authority by-elections held on 27 February and 6 March:

	Seats defended	Seats lost	Seats gained	Seats held now
Con	15	13	1	3
Lab	6	2	9	13
Lib	2	1	5	6
SDP	2	2	3	3
Others	1	1	1	1

The Conservatives' record has been disastrous since January. During the past two months the Tories have defended 39 seats — and lost 32. But until the past fortnight almost all the Tories' losses were to the Alliance. Since 27 February Labour has gained 7 seats from the Conservatives, the Liberals have gained 4 and the SDP 2 (see p8 for details).

What is more, five of Labour's gains have mainly been in the south: Arun (in Sussex), Kerrier (Cornwall), Braintree, Harlow and Kingswood (Bristol). At one level this is not such good news as it may seem. Although Kingswood and Harlow both have Tory MPs with narrow majorities over Labour, most Labour votes in southern England would be wasted at a general election. But in the longer term, a recovery of Labour's support in the south will enable it to become a truly national party once again — instead of the party of Wales, Scotland, the north and the inner cities.

In the 23 wards that have had three-cornered contests in the past fortnight, more than 40,000 votes were cast. They were distributed as follows:

	Votes	%
Labour	14,600	36.2
Liberal/SDP	12,705	31.5
Conservative	11,047	27.4
Others	1,941	4,8

This is the first time Labour has had a clear lead since last spring, when our survey (like the opinion polls) detected a short-lived Labour recovery following the end of the miners' strike. In fact, Labour's position today is even better than the raw figures indicate, since most of the contests of the past fortnight have been fought on normally Conservative territory. A rough adjustment for this bias (and for the relatively high proportion of 'other' votes) suggests that the real pattern of national support is: Labour 39 per cent, Alliance 32, Conservative 26.

At the time of writing this column, no opinion polls have been published whose fieldwork covers the two Thursdays of those by-elections; so we cannot see from subsidiary polling questions what has caused the shift. What is certain is that until just before the end of February, by-election votes and opinion poll figures confirmed that Labour's support was, at best, static. Then suddenly, it seems to have leaped.

The sudden nature of the increase gives a clue to what happened. On Wednesday 26 February Labour's National Executive considered the report of its inquiry team into Militant and Liverpool. The day's news was dominated by the party's decision to start expulsion proceedings against Derek Hatton and others.

Before the meeting some people in the

PETER KELLNER

party's inner sanctums suggested moving the executive meeting from the party's headquarters at Walworth Road to a room at the House of Commons. Their argument was that demonstrations are not allowed at Westminster, so the leadership would be spared the embarrassment of television cameras recording the heckling they would receive as they arrived for the meeting.

NEIL KINNOCK would have none of it: he did not want to be accused of running away from his critics. His decision paid off. The image that seems to have been left with voters is much the same as that created by Kinnock's speeches at the party conference in Bournemouth last October — he was seen to face down the far Left and to carry most of the party with him. And, just as after Bournemouth, the effect was not so much to win over Tories as to line up more of the non-Tory vote behind Labour.

When all the adjustments are made for the pattern of seats fought, most of Labour's extra votes since the new year have come at the expense of the Alliance. The Tories have done badly during the past two weeks; but they were doing badly in January and early February anyway. To be sure, the Alliance are still gaining seats in local by-elections. But their success rate has fallen: between early December and the third week of February they won 38 out of 73 by-elections — or 52 per cent. During the past fortnight they have won nine out of 26 — 35 per cent.

Last autumn, as memories of Kinnock's attacks on Militant and the leadership of the National Union of Mineworkers faded, the party lost some of the votes it had gained (although Kinnock's personal poll rating remains higher than it was last summer). In October the 'Kinnock effect' showed up in local by-elections for just three weeks. So it is possible that Labour will not hold the improved level of support it has demonstrated during the past fortnight.

Even so, there are two clear lessons of the past fortnight that should not be ignored. The first is that voters do approve when Labour's leadership takes on Militant. That does not make it intrinsically right to do so: popular decisions are not necessarily morally correct ones and it is perfectly possible to defend Militant even knowing that to do so will cost votes. What it is *not* possible to do is to maintain that attacks on Militant lose the party votes. For good or ill, Militant-bashing has precisely the opposite effect.

The second lesson relates to something that this column has observed before and which the figures of the past two weeks have confirmed. The Tories may be Labour's enemy in political terms, but electorally it is the Alliance that provides the real competition. When Labour achieves a sudden surge of support, the Tories' share declines, if at all, by far less than the Alliance's.

When Kinnock was elected leader in October 1983, Labour gained 10 points. Seven of them came from the Alliance, three from the Tories. The immediate impact of Kinnock's Bournemouth performance was to add about six points to Labour's share — all coming from the Alliance. The pattern of local voting during the past fortnight suggests a repeat of the same phenomenon.

The implications of this point are considerable. Labour has trundled along at 34-37 per cent ever since Kinnock became party leader — sometimes doing a trifle better than this, sometimes a smidgeon worse (although poll readings outside this range have occasionally been due to slightly wonky samples rather than real fluctuations). If Labour maintains this level it will be hard for the Tories to win the next election outright — but at the same time, it is not enough for Labour itself to be sure of winning.

Labour needs to gain, and keep, another five points or so (that's about 1.5 million extra votes) to win the next election. The figures prove what common sense suggests: those votes are to be found among people who are already disenchanted with the government, but support the Alliance because they are not yet convinced that Labour has what it takes to govern effectively. 'What it takes' covers a multitude of things: policies, guts, leadership, competence and so on. Expelling Liverpool's Militant leaders is a start in winning over the doubters.

All Labour *then* has to do is sell its policies. □

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GOING GENTLY DOWN THE DRAIN

All the usual synthetic drama of a staged House of Commons 'event' will surround next week's budget. Professor MAURICE PESTON argues that its content will be entirely irrelevant to the real problem, the continuing steady decline of the British economy — a wasting which predates Thatcher's destruction of manufacturing industry

THE BUDGET next Tuesday will be largely irrelevant to the long-term economic future of this country. Its role is essentially short-term, and its objectives much more political than economic.

This is not an inevitable characteristic of budgetary policy. While it always has immediate consequences, fiscal policy (like monetary policy) should correctly be placed in a long-term context. But that is not to be in 1986. The only question the Chancellor is facing is whether it is safer to bribe the electorate this year, or is the better bet to wait until 1987? His answer appears to be to dab on some cosmetics right away and promise the handouts in a year's time. The objective is not economic regeneration (or even a zero inflation rate), but the re-election of the present administration.

There should, though, be no doubt about how serious our economic circumstances are. There has been the long-run chronic decline in our circumstances dating back for a century or more. And there has been added to that the precipitate collapse of manufacturing industry which has characterised the first half of the 1980s. We may all agree that the provision of services is just as important to the community's welfare as the production of goods, but the two must go hand in hand. It is impossible to believe that full employment and the achievement of anything like an acceptable future standard of living can be obtained without the economy continuing to have a major industrial base.

We have been taken from the front rank of industrialised nations to the middle rank in the 1950s and 1960s, and now to the bottom rank. In football terms, relegation is staring us in the face.

All of this has been the subject of debate recently because of the publication of the National Economic Development Council's survey, *British Industrial Performance*, and the House of Lords Select Committee *Report on Overseas Trade*. (One of the government's more disgraceful misuses of its public relations machinery was the attempt to belittle the latter.) As far as economists are concerned, it is all rather old hat. The structural decline of the British economy has been there to see for decades. It has also been obvious to many politicians, not least to Harold Wilson twenty years ago in his deservedly famous 'white heat of technology' speech.

But it has also been accompanied by a kind of complacency on the part of the general public, which politicians have often been willing to foster. People believe that the scaremongering is excessive, that things are not that bad, that, perhaps, the statistics are deficient. (Opinion polls show that, while we are one of the poorest countries in the advanced world, we are also among the most contented. It is difficult to know whether to laugh or cry.)

In this case the statistics, although imperfect, do not lie. We cannot even count on Italy to fall below us in income *per head*. The north of Italy has for a long time been more productive than we are, and the overall figure, including the underdeveloped south, is not far off ours. More to the point, the Iberian peninsula will catch us up in the next generation and probably East Germany too.

NOW, ONE RESPONSE to all of this is to say we are truly happy with our lot. We are simply trading off economic efficiency for social and personal satisfaction. One difficulty with that is that, despite the opinion polls, the objective evidence is less convincing.

The level of social welfare and social concern in our country is far from excellent. We are no less dominated by conflict, industrial, racial, sexual, or what have you, than our neighbours. We have always feared that excessive inequality *within* our country posed the threat of a right-wing authoritarian regime. But a similar danger may be now based on the eventual recognition of how far we have dropped back economically compared with the rest of Europe.

One may be convinced of the need to pursue the aim of long term economic regeneration, but still be confronted with the question of whether what is desirable is also feasible. Here the honest answer, based on the economic analysis of past form, is that it is not.

Having known about the problem for so long, having more recently had the priceless benefit of North Sea oil (and, before that, gas) to help, and having the undoubted benefits of a stable economic and political structure, we have bungled things for a long time — and show few signs of change. The 'optimum' prediction, therefore, is that we are doomed!

Indeed, I sometimes feel that what we need for economic policy is something akin to the hospice movement. The economy is going to die anyway. It can be horrible and painful under the Tories, or happen with dignity and some degree of comfort under Labour.

The reason I reject this view may at first sight appear irrational, namely it is not one that the people of this country can really accept. It is necessary to believe that we can control our lives as individuals and as a community. For that belief to be translated into action, the nature and scale of the problem must be brought home to everyone.

Our political leaders' task is to inspire us, but also to show that they have the skill and understanding both to initiate community action and to reinforce individual initiative. The economist's task is still to practise 'the dismal science' and to point out all the ways every policy can go wrong. But they can also give some positive help.

Real GDP Growth among the world's major economies

(Annual percentage change)

	1983	1984	1985	1986
United States	3.7	6.8	2.5	2.75
Japan	3.4	5.8	5.0	3.5
Germany	1.5	2.7	2.25	3.25
France	0.7	1.6	1.0	2.0
United Kingdom	3.2	2.6	3.25	2.25
Italy	−0.4	2.6	2.25	2.5
Canada	3.3	5.0	4.0	3.0

Source OECD Economic Outlook December 1985

On this forecast Britain would be the second slowest growing economy in the group of 7 this year. The forecast was, however, made before the recent calamitous drop in the oil price which has benefited other economies at the expense of oil producers such as Britain — leaving Britain, in all probability, the slowest growing major economy in 1986.

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Camera Press

'Dear Prime Minister says I was right all along. He's quite right of course'

As far as this budget itself is concerned, such help would mean advising the government to take a strong expansionary fiscal stance, including finance for a rise in public sector employment, but also to concentrate on incentives to the private sector to take on more workers. Expansion back to full employment, and in the long run onto a higher growth path, requires public and private sectors to move in step. The main constraint will be the ability and willingness of the private sector to respond. If it fails to do so, a greater burden will fall on the balance of trade which will move even further into deficit.

My own view, shared by most economists, is that the necessary expansion will *not* happen automatically as a result of the beneficient working of the market mechanism. A convincing government commitment to the restoration of full employment together with a plan for incomes is necessary to restore business confidence.

It must be coupled with the introduction (or restoration) of machinery for direct government intervention in the economy. This is not to replace the private sector, but to help it respond more effectively in cooperation with the public sector. Nowadays, the rhetoric of non-intervention is so powerful that it is considered dangerous to say that sometimes the public servant knows best. Given the appalling performance of so much of British management, I, for one, am quite certain that, on occasions, central intervention is required. The purpose is not to destroy the private sector in the mixed economy, but to make it work better.

In several areas — training and retraining, science and technology — there can be no doubt of the necessity of a governmental lead. British industry, left to itself, never invests enough in these areas. It has a kind of anti-intellectualism, amounting often almost to a psychological barrier against novelty altogether. Even ideas and methods which are well established, almost old hat, are treated with excessive caution.

That is why outside pressure has to be brought to bear. The Manpower Services Commission, extended to include a planning role for placement in jobs as well as training, is a key institution. We also now need a new umbrella institution with large-scale funding able to perform similar tasks in the applications of science and engineering to industry. Incidentally, if those funds are not to be misused, they must not be placed in the hands of the existing academic establishments.

HAROLD WILSON was quite correct twenty years ago when he stated that Britain's future depended on our industry being in the forefront of technology and staying there. His government failed because it was scared to make the institutional changes necessary to achieve that. In the end it listened too much to industry's self-justification of its slothfulness and to a trade union movement too keen on the preservation of the *status quo*. The problems he perceived, therefore, remain, but in a more intensified form.

It is, of course, true that our conventional productivity is so low that even reaching average OECD standards would give us a welcome boost to our standard of living. But our long run future cannot be safely based on ordinary manufacturing alone. The relevant technology is now so mobile internationally (as is management, especially in the multi-nationals) that countries like ours can never compete permanently with the more rapidly emerging parts of the Third World.

To be a high real wage economy in the long run is a matter of technological advance and precious little else. It may seem a new kind of rat race involving a perpetual battle between new methods and continuous obsolescence, but there seems little alternative except a kind of genteel poverty, which would still leave us quite rich compared with most of the world.

To achieve any good at all means stirring things up, querying the *status quo* and damaging vested interests. Labour has always in the past been committed to the first of these objectives, but does not like the other two consequences. Mrs Thatcher has gone for the consequences but without much to show for it on the plus side. A government capable of revitalising the economy must be committed to a new path for the economy, but it must also be willing to face the inevitable backlash (not confined to its enemies) from those who really are happy to stay where they are. □

NEIGHBOURHOOD WATCH: POLICING THE PEOPLE

A REPORT BY DONNISON, SCOLA & THOMAS

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CRISIS IN MENTAL HEALTH

A New Statesman 3-parter

End of 1986 will see the first mental hospital closure as part of government policy aimed at 'care in the community'. There has been plenty of opposition to this policy on the Left but little serious attempt to develop a radical alternative. DAVID BERRY, in the first of three articles sketching out what such an alternative might be, reports on a way of dealing with serious psychiatric emergencies.

A FEW WEEKS ago a 39-year-old man sat down in a North London shopping centre and despite the sub-zero temperatures took off all his clothes. The police took him away. In most parts of Britain he would have been taken to a mental hospital or psychiatric unit and, if necessary, detained against his will under Section 36 of the Mental Health Act.

But all this took place in Barnet and what happened was rather different. The man was visited at the police station by a psychiatrist and social worker from Barnet General Hospital psychiatric unit's 'Crisis Intervention Team'. They spent several hours with him, eventually persuading him to talk and allowing them to contact his mother. She agreed to look after him overnight. The immediate crisis was resolved and a contact made which avoided psychiatric admission, a probable diagnosis of schizophrenia and the start of a new psychiatric career.

I was told this story by Marian Tobin, the social worker involved and one member of the Barnet Team, for whom it was one of several crisis visits that week. Over the past ten years, they and their sister team at nearby Napsbury mental hospital have given this kind of 'psychological first aid' to hundreds of people in the local area. The crisis visits have taken place in private bed-sits, council estates, comfortable family homes or on the street. The result has been that Barnet psychiatric unit has managed easily with one of the lowest 'bed-ratios' in the country (0.2 beds per thousand compared with an average 0.5). There has been a 'dramatic fall' in local psychotropic drug prescribing, attempted suicide and police sectioning.

Yet despite being acclaimed by the *British Medical Journal* as the 'antidote to ivory-tower psychiatry' crisis intervention work is still on the margins of current psychiatric practice. There are only half a dozen or so hospital-based Crisis Teams in the country that work outside the hospital, and Napsbury and Barnet are the only two that offer a full 24 hour crisis intervention service. There are now some teams operating from social services or mental health centres (examples are in Tower Hamlets, Lewisham and most recently in Coventry), but crisis intervention work has not been given a priority in most of the local planning now going on to replace mental hospitals.

It is worth looking a little more closely at the Barnet experience to discover why. The Barnet Crisis approach cuts across any notion of the 'mentally ill individual'. The team will spend several hours with people and their families and friends and does *not* assume that the person exhibiting distress is the person needing help.

If it were adopted widely inside the NHS, it would challenge the entire structure of current mental health management, training and policy. Psychiatric nurses I spoke to from the Barnet Team say that their work gives them 'considerable autonomy and freedom' from the conventional nursing hierarchy. Consultant psychiatrist Lawrence Ratna comments that the traditional role of his profession is changed completely: 'when you're outside the hospital, you're nobody; you're in somebody else's territory, you're playing an away-game. Most psychiatrists, however psychodynamic, can't drop the medical model'.

One implication of this is that the move since the late 1950s to replace much of the role of mental hospitals by psychiatric units in general hospitals — the 'medicalisation' of psychiatry — has been misconceived. Ratna would like to see such units abolished, and the older mental hospitals revert back to their role of asylum: places where people can go to retreat from the world and be looked after. Crisis intervention work would then become a true alternative to hospital psychiatry and be based in a community crisis centre and be supplemented by other non-medical community facilities.

This notion of replacing general hospital psychiatry has made the Barnet and Napsbury crisis teams unpopular in the mental health world. Other crisis teams have preferred to describe their work as a useful extra to conventional psychiatric practice. There are indeed problems with the Barnet approach. The burden on the traditional carers in society, women, may increase and the Barnet Team is paying more attention to the role of women in crisis and has recently set up women-only support groups. Critics have alleged that the approach has no firm base in mental health theory and requires too much staff time and energy.

The Barnet Team's response is that their apparent flexibility and pragmatism masks a sound if still developing base in several therapeutic schools, particularly family therapy and brief psychotherapy. They claim that their work is less stressful than more traditional mental health approaches and probably cheaper for the NHS in the long-term. What is clear is that Crisis Intervention and the development of Crisis Centres outside the hospital should to be placed at the top of the agenda for a radical alternative to community care for the mentally ill. □

Next: ECT and major drugs

SCHOOLS PHONEY PEACE

IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM, FLOG 'EM

BARRY HUGILL warns against disunity among teachers: privatisers could get somewhere this time

HELICOPTERS, LAND ROVERS and now schools? It sounds crazy but it would be foolhardy to dismiss out of hand the leaks emanating from Downing Street. With impeccable timing the Tory free marketeers have launched their campaign to privatise large chunks of the maintained school system. Their trump card is the certain knowledge that last week's teachers' pay settlement isn't worth the paper it's written on. When the peace breaks down, if it ever arrives at all, many parents will be attracted by the idea that *they* and not teachers should be in charge of schools. Or so the Conservative radicals believe.

The impetus for 'reform' comes from the top. In the early days of Mrs Thatcher's second administration the radicals agitated for an experimental educational voucher scheme and several local authorities considered a re-introduction of the 11 plus. Protests from parents and teachers killed off the latter and the civil servants blocked vouchers. But since then the teachers have participated in almost non-stop industrial action and the Prime Minister has lost patience.

In July of last year, off the cuff, she announced on Channel 4 that she regretted the demise of direct grant grammar schools. She accepted blame for this sorry state of affairs (although it was not of her doing!) and promised to make amends. Within days her educational adviser Oliver Letwin and the political adviser to the DES, Stuart Sexton, were dusting down old policy papers on vouchers and preparing new ones on direct grant primary (yes primary) schools specialising in science and technology and funded, at least in part, by big business.

Mr Sexton is so sure of the way the wind is blowing that he has set up a Trust to raise cash from the City for a private technical primary school. 'It will have to be fee paying of course, but what I want to do is to show what can be done so that we can say to the Government this is the type of school that is needed in Birmingham, Liverpool and the other inner-city areas, and that it ought to be funded by a direct State grant', he said last week.

He has every reason to be confident. Lord Young, Minister of Employment, is making no secret of his yearning for a system dedicated to 'vocational' education and run in co-operation with private enterprise.

The mood among the Tory troops was militant enough earlier this month at their

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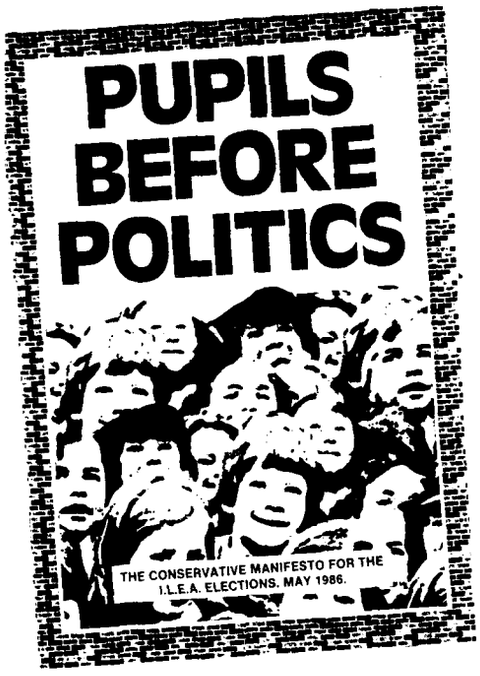

Tories' ILEA manifesto: not yet a 'privatise the schools' platform

Party's local government conference in London. Loudest cheer of the day went not to Norman Tebbit for his knock-about attack on the Alliance but to Teresa Gorman from Westminster city council who appealed to Sir Keith Joseph to allow the London Conservatives to fight the forthcoming ILEA elections on a 'freedom and privatisation of schools' platform.

She received sturdy support from Dr David Muffett, who chairs the Hereford and Worcester education committee. The teachers' pay settlement is a sham and will not last for five weeks he declared. And he's right.

IN THE COMING MONTHS the disruption in schools will continue. The NUT is not a signatory of the ACAS deal and the NAS/UWT leadership, although it signed, cannot deliver the goods. The ink wasn't dry on the agreement before the branch secretary of the Birmingham NAS/UWT, Chris Keats, was expressing 'distress' that parents had been led to believe that the dispute was over and schools were getting back to normal.

Peter Smith, deputy leader of AMMA, the third largest, and distinctly moderate, teachers' union had this message for the management diehards: 'Local authorities which expect a rapid, smooth return to traditional normality are likely to be disappointed and even more disappointed if they become trigger-happy as a result. The situation will cool down but a carelessly dropped match will illuminate the landscape with brush fires which could be very difficult to extinguish and very prone to spread.'

It is against this background of almost continuous industrial action, an end to which few can see, that the Tory Right is pressing its case. Oliver Letwin, Mrs Thatcher's adviser, believes that the long term solution is a system in which schools would be self-managing. There would be true competition among them and they would pay teachers according to their proven worth and in accordance with the market.

There would be no place for unions in such a system, nor for a uniform salary system. Government spending in this 'devolved' system would be much less than it is now, the teacher militants would have been seen off and parents given 'the right to choose'.

The message in this for the teacher unions is clear enough. What is going to be at stake is not just pay and conditions but the whole future of the comprehensive school system. And unless the unions can get their act together they, and the schools they work in, could be in real trouble.

Fred Jarvis, general secretary of the NUT, is well aware of the threat: 'You can see what is happening by reading some of the popular papers. What we are now facing is an attack on everything that we have fought for. We will have to build a campaign to defend the comprehensive system that embraces people who are not natural supporters of the labour movement'.

It could prove tricky to build that broad front unless the teacher unions call a halt to their own civil war.

There are, fortunately, some optimistic signs. During the course of the dispute NAS/UWT and NUT members achieved a unity in struggle of the sort the labour movement talks about a lot but rarely achieves. And at Easter the NUT conference in Blackpool will debate a motion calling for a merger between the two teacher unions affiliated to the TUC (the NUT and the NAS/UWT) 'because divisions among teaching unions are an obstacle to the successful defence of education'.

Motions in themselves mean nothing but this one is interesting because it received by far the largest number of votes in the ballot to decide which motions should go on the agenda. It will probably be amended by the union's executive to make it a general expression of support for the eventual creation of a single teachers' union. This would include the college lecturers of NATFHE and the university staff of the AUT.

Nothing wrong with that in principle except that it will remain exactly that — a principle. It is inconceivable that the two further and higher education unions would join the school teachers if only because their members do a very different job.

The obstacles to a merger between the two schoolteacher unions are immense. For years both sets of leaders have vilified each other and memories are long. The NAS/UWT has a far from untainted record on equal opportunities, many of its members still retain an enthusiasm for corporal punishment and traditionally it embraces a crude anti-communism. Its decision to side with the non-TUC teacher unions, including those of the heads, and sign the ACAS deal has angered many NUT members.

The motion says that unity is necessary in the interests of 'comprehensive educational principles'. Those principles will be easier to defend if the two most important teacher unions sink their differences, differences which, whatever the two leaderships say, are about tactics not principles. □

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"Serving All Londoners", the annual report of the GLC, will be published on 17 March. Copies will be available at County Hall and in your local Town Halls and Libraries, but if you'd like your own copy write to:-The Programme Office, Greater London Council, County Hall, London, SE1 7PB. Or call into the Foyer Shop at County Hall.

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MEDIA

Times run out at Wapping

ANTHONY BARNETT

WHEN *THE TIMES* closed down for a year in 1978 and 1979, in its first effort to introduce new technology, I thought that the paper would lose its place as the flagship of the kingdom. Once people stopped reading it, I argued, they would not be able to bear a return to its pages. My friends looked unconvinced, and they were right. For although sales of the *Guardian* rose from around 300,000 to 400,000 and many of the concerned and educated classes who would once have accepted *The Times* as their daily paper did so no longer, most *Times* readers returned to it as if they had been in hibernation.

The old loyalty persisted as Thatcher went into the ascendant and began her assault upon consensus politics — a development welcomed by Rees Mogg, who had made *The Times* an early purveyor of monetarism. Then Murdoch bought the paper. Harold Evans revived it only to be fired for thinking twice about the Prime Minister who had cleared the way for the new Proprietor. Charles Douglas-Home became editor just in time for the Falklands, and he urged on that final spasm of empire as a crusade against 'evil'.

'We Are All Falklanders Now', he declared, in a massive leader that self-consciously mimicked the style of a paper which saw itself as a central, orchestrating organ of opinion. It was a joke. Douglas-Home may not have known this, but I've no doubt that Murdoch did. His concern about the fate of the Poms in the Falklands just about equalled his concern for the authenticity of the Hitler Diaries. The only question he asked about such forgeries was 'will they sell?'.

So Douglas-Home raised the old Thunderer to its full commanding height as a hegemonic organ of the grand bourgeoisie, and what came out?

Instead of a great and authoritative roar, fearful in its power and sagacity, all that was heard was a shrill and somewhat cracked prep school whistle.

Even that sound is fading now that Murdoch has appointed an editor who is completely his own. Murdoch's marketing strategy for *The Times* seems clear. If you want to understand it look at *Elle*, a pure 'up-market' Murdoch product. The *Daily Elle* will be the true counterpart to the *Sun*, each a lucrative vehicle for advertising: the two classes of sex appeal.

It is not a collapse in standards that has taken place, not at all. Completely *different* standards are being applied. Murdoch's contempt for the idea of a 'paper of record' is well known. But his approach is positive not negative: *Elle* is an authority for its style, not its factual accuracy. In its obituary of Olof Palme *The Times* wrote that the Brandt Commission had been set up by the Socialist International. How could a notion, whose only source is knee-jerk prejudice against the Third World, go totally unchecked in the obituary of a world statesman, in a paper of major reputation and resource? This was not carelessness but the result of a decision to care about something else.

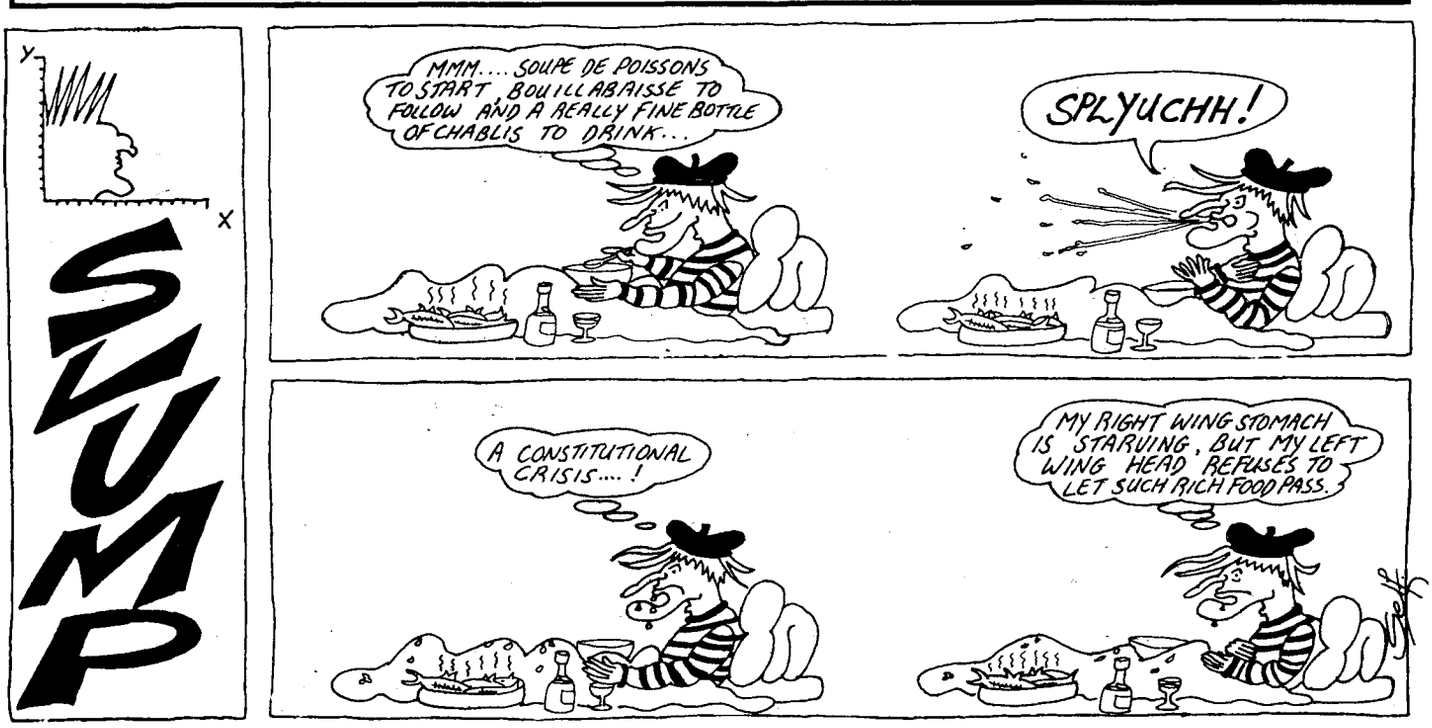
Now *The Times* was never actually a journal of record in the 'objective' sense. In 1957 a report commissioned by the paper's board recommended that news be put on the front page to attract more readers. The proposal was denounced by the senior staff. It was not the duty of *The Times* to appeal to the 'reading public', they said, its duty was to serve 'the governing class of Great Britain'.*

This *was* consensus politics, which meant not popularity but the shared universe of a multi-party elite. In those days 'everyone' read *The Times*, from Fabian civil servants, senior trade unionists and liberal professors to bankers, generals and pro-consuls overseas. Its letters page reflected this unified arena of 'opinion that mattered'.

I suspect that there is no longer an organic unity to 'the governing class of Great Britain'. Times themselves have changed. Trade unionists read the *Financial Times*, reformists read the *Guardian*. The barbed wire of Wapping and the subsequent boycott of *The Times* has speeded this process of marginalising a paper now seen as prejudiced, erratic and inaccurate. Its sales may grow but it has ceased to be 'necessary reading'.

I myself did not join the boycott, as I like to keep an eye on the Right. But now the Telegraph Group has a new Chief Executive in Andrew Knight. Peregrine Worsthorne has at last got the *Sunday Telegraph* and most important of all Max Hastings has been made Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*. This is real competition for the two Scottish servants Murdoch placed in charge of his Sunday and daily *Times*. Because, for Knight, Hastings and Worsthorne, while profits matter, so may policy and even journalistic standards. Furthermore, I suspect there is a sense in which they will attempt to write for England, which makes things interesting. So I will not boycott *The Times*. Instead I will switch to the *Telegraph* alongside my *Guardian*. After 1986, perhaps, there will be no return. □

*See Harold Evans, Good Times, Bad Times.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X
SUMP
MMM.... SOUPE DE POISSONS TO START BOUILLABAISSE TO FOLLOW AND A REALLY FINE BOTTLE OF CHABLIS TO DRINK...
SPLYUCHH!
A CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS....!
MY RIGHT WING STOMACH IS STARVING, BUT MY LEFT WING HEAD REFUSES TO LET SUCH RICH FOOD PASS.

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DIARY

Anne Smith

Edinburgh

'An awful lot of people believe they can write poetry. What we want from you Anne is an exposé of what is required by people who are likely to write *real* poetry. What will he or she *want* to hear? You gudda be positive. Not dishonest of course . . . You can have a full two minutes voice-time. That leaves us one minute for ads.' British Telecom, it seems, is going in for 'Local Call Stimulation'. A friend, a man with too many ideas ever to become rich, has got 28 'ports' in London for a 28 day marketing test. He had this inspiration for 'loop' (not loopy) advice on how to write poetry. Like dial-a-recipe. He thinks the punters will lap it up, 'this sweet poetry line'. I can never ignore the challenge of the absurd. I think of opening with a quote from Norwid, to the accompaniment maybe of appropriately heavy breathing: 'Poetry is the quivering of nerves in time with the passions'. That might stimulate a few calls. So might reducing charges and servicing the phone-boxes.

○

I suppose it figures but it will always be unpalatable that artists have to live on peanuts, while the monkeys who sell their work float around in silk suits and fast cars and practically never have to buy themselves a meal. A freelance friend phoned her agent, Medallion-Man, recently to ask when her long-overdue cheque was coming. As usual, she couldn't get past the secretary. The secretary told her that they had paid out a lot of money at Christmas — but not, of course, to my friend — and were holding onto what they had for the moment. Last time the story was that married men with dependants came first in the agent's pay-out line. My friend said OK: no money, no more work. The secretary asked her snottily if she thought she could do better elsewhere. (This agent virtually has a monopoly of his market.) Friend (bitterly): 'I'd do better on the ruddy *dole*!' Secretary: 'But you wouldn't make so much.' Friend: 'Maybe, but at least it's regular and I wouldn't have to break my back to earn it'.

○

What does this augur for the future of Amy Wheeler, I ask myself? Amy is five and she can write as well as she draws. She has just sent me a story about her invention, the Humpes: 'Humpes is small with lots of lumps — just like a stone. He has a face like a heart shape and he has a tail and five little paws. They live under the ground and they eat bones and squirrels and moths. They make their beds out of hay and silk. They sleep in the mud and they come out at night'. As I wait eagerly for the next instalment I wonder if all this ingenious creativity might better be diverted to computer science or currency speculation. I also contemplate consulting her about my poetry brief. If I offer her a royalty, it might encourage her to aim at least for the paying side of the arts.

○

Mustn't be so negative. Difficult though. Another friend has just come back from New York: 'I tell you, I almost got down on my knees . . . and kissed Broadway and gave thanks to God for His imagination in having such a place come to pass — I just felt so buoyed up and vitalised and energised . . . I got a taste of what life *could* be'. Shortly after receiving this I heard Gore Vidal on the radio talking about the atmosphere of Britain being 'poisoned with conflict'. It almost made me think.

○

Not that I liked New York, but at this time of year anywhere seems preferable to here. Or so I believed till I read a piece in the *Observer* about the Japanese in Edinburgh. The owner of our sole Japanese restaurant is reported, astonishingly, as replying to the question what had he learnt here, '*How to enjoy life*' (my italics). This gave me an exceedingly grim notion of what life must be like in his native land, until I confided my fears to a Japanese friend who explained that the Japanese consider it vulgar beyond words to admit to enjoying oneself. Mr Kinnock should start the Japanisation of Britain in Scotland. We understand each other: the masochism is mutual.

ROGER WODDIS

The Thatchit Manifesto

Norman Tebbit, chairman of the Tory party, has denied reports that he and the Prime Minister are preparing an election manifesto without consulting other Cabinet colleagues.

A spectre is haunting Britain —
The spectre of cracks in the cup,
The words on the wall being written,
The game being up.

We cling to a time that is dying,
While banking (not having read Proust)
On birds that have given up flying
And come home to roost.

But still let our programme be stiffer,
Though milder for those on the make,
And those who are daring to differ
Go jump in the lake.

You set up your stall in the market,
Say 'Sod 'em' and sing your own song;
The crazed have a creed and they bark it,
The sane are all wrong.

The many, divided by quarrels,
Have much more to lose than their chains;
The few show two fingers to morals,
And go for the gains.

○

It may be true, as I've read, that the westernisation of Japan proceeds apace. Thanks to junk food, they say, the Japanese face (literally) is shrinking and changing shape, while obesity and sinus problems are on the increase. The old ways linger on in parts though. My Japanese friend was touched to tears reading a letter from her sister. It appears that her father's mistress had turned up on the thirty-third anniversary of my friend's mother's death, 33 years, she said, being a sufficient time to wait for forgiveness from the dead. In the interim, she told them, since their father had always longed to take a trip round the world, she had saved up and at last gone alone, taking his photos with her. She had won a poetry competition with a poem about him, too. It's 35 years since he died. I almost went out and bought a Sony on the strength of this evidence of spirituality, but on second thoughts I'll better wait for the royalties from my poetry loop.

○

Told an Italian friend who has lived here for years about the Japanese restaurateur's comment. 'Enjoy?' says she, even more astonished than I was. 'The Scots don't enjoy, they *endure*! You go to a concert here and the seats are so uncomfortable. They make the churches into concert halls, but keep the hard wooden pews and it's not possible to enjoy the music properly.' I responded in her defence that for the Scots to make concert halls of churches is their equivalent of beating swords into ploughshares — a step in the right direction.

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John Hillelson Agency

FOR 'MITTERRAND' READ 'WILSON'

The Mitterrand era is horribly reminiscent of Wilson's Britain. But it hasn't been all gloom, says DENIS MacSHANE

Paris

BARRING SOME totally extraordinary upheaval the results of this Sunday's election of the French National Assembly are broadly known. Under the newly instituted proportional representation system the names of four out of five deputies are as good as guaranteed. The Left will lose its overall majority but the Socialist Party, which managed only five per cent in the election following de Gaulle's resignation in 1969, should emerge as the biggest single party of 1986.

A socialist president who can name a prime minister, call fresh elections, run foreign policy and influence public opinion, will remain in office while a divided and bickering Right tries to form a government. The joint programme agreed by Jacques Chirac and Valery Giscard d'Estaing promises to be cautious and 'wet'. Most of the reforms of the last five years will be left untouched.

In her novel *Hadrian's Memoirs*, the leading French novelist Marguerite Yourcenar points out that 'Caesar was right to prefer to be number one in a village rather than number two in Rome. Not for reasons of ambition or glory but because someone in the number two spot is left only with a dangerous choice — that of subservience, that of revolt, or worst of all, that of compromise'. Such is likely to be the fate of whoever Mitterrand calls to be prime minister and explains why Raymond Barre, who most explicitly represents the neo-liberal economics of international capitalism in the 1980s has refused to enter into any *cohabitation* with a socialist president after next Sunday.

France's best cartoonist, Wolinski, has dubbed the overall right-wing victory as *Le come-back des has-beens*, rather as if Britain woke up after Labour's defeat in 1979 to find itself governed by Edward Heath, Alec Douglas-Home and Reggie Maudling.

A poor interpretation of Charles Peguy's famous remark, *Tout commence en mystique et finit par politique*, would be that it's so much more thrilling being a purist in opposition than having to exercise any responsibility in government. Few socialist governments have entered office after such a long period of waiting, so much theory elaborated, so many policies laid down, so many books written.

The book writing has carried on. Nearly all senior ministers have produced a book justifying their tenure of office. In Mitterrand's private office Regis Debray his written two idiosyncratic books on foreign policy while the chief presidential adviser, Jacques Attali, found time to produce a philosophical treatise on the meaning of time and a lengthy biography of the iconoclastic London banker, the late Sir Sigismund Warburg. Even Mitterrand, a few weeks ago, dashed off 130 pages of elegant prose to introduce a collection of foreign policy pronouncements — can anyone imagine Mrs Thatcher or Mr Reagan writing 130 readable *words* on any subject?

But all this feverish intellectual activity, before and after the presidential and legislative victories of 1981, has not produced the decisive 'rupture with capitalism' that Mitterrand so often and so eloquently promised in his speeches of the 1970s. Instead, the OECD has awarded full marks to the French government for bringing down inflation, relaunching entrepreneurial activity and asserting managerial authority over union resistance. The OECD doesn't pass comment on foreign policy, but Washington has been delighted with Mitterrand's endorsement of the euromissile arrival in other West European countries and with his defence of French neo-colonial military interventions and nuclear weaponry extending to the murder of the Portuguese photographer on board the *Rainbow Warrior*.

But the British observer is haunted by the

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similarities with the Wilson government, especially after the big majority of 1966. Who is Robert Badinter, the liberal minister of justice who abolishes the death penalty and tries unsuccessfully to do something about appalling prison conditions if not Roy Jenkins? Add a few years, a change of gender and Jack Lang, the dashing radical arts minister justly pleased with trebling expenditure on the arts, is none other than dear old Jennie Lee.

And the muscular former defence chief, Charles Hernu, who has modernised the French army, and shown that the military has nothing to fear from socialist government and bumped up arms exports? (Socialist France has overtaken Conservative Britain this decade as the biggest arms exporter after the USSR and the USA — its profiteering from the Iran-Iraq war has come to roost with the taking of French hostages in Lebanon.) Why surely we detect Denis Healey? Take the all modernising, high-tech fanatic Jean Pierre Chevènement: is he so very different in his period as industry minister from Britain's whiz-kid technology minister of the 1960s, the then Anthony Wedgwood Benn?

YET THE SPORT is too easy. Critics on the Left bemoan the absence of the spirit of either 1936 or 1968: there was no explosion of popular feeling, no factory occupations, no millions in the streets, no sense of upheaval and radical change. What is conveniently forgotten about those two mythological years in Left history is that after the temporary gains won while the ruling class reeled under pressure, the aftermath proved a period of triumph for reaction; the cowardice of Munich and collaboration of Vichy after 1936, the reconsolidation of Gaullism and 13 more years of right-wing rule after 1968.

One thing was clear: the next victory of the French Left should not have the lifetime of a shooting star but should, at the very least, keep the Right out of political power for a decent interval. This has been achieved. At a crucial moment in European history when it looked as if the whole continent was going to the Right, France was spared the rigours of Chicago Thatcherism.

Retirement age has been reduced to 60 and holidays and the minimum wage increased. Women's rights and access to abortion have been considerably improved. Unemployment went up from 2 million in 1981 to 2.4 million; bad but nothing like the rate of increase across the Channel or Rhine.

But there is another more important facet of the last five years and that is the success of socialist measures discarded elsewhere in the world. Take nationalisation. Key firms in nine industries were taken into public ownership as were all the banks. So, derided elsewhere as fossil politics to be avoided by the Left, public ownership in France has proved to be remarkably successful. By 1986 most national industries were reporting profits and many have been in the forefront of technological developments and export led growth. Together with ownership of all banks, this has given the government a crucial margin of control over the economy.

Ironically, the period of the first 12 months after May 1981 when the government was at its most generously *ouvrieriste*, raising wages indiscriminately and failing to control prices and imports, was the period of disaster as inflation and imports shot skywards. The moment when the government started exercising some control over all aspects of the economy some order was restored and the economy now has one of the lowest inflation rates in Europe and has registered a slight decrease in unemployment.

Critics of the Mitterrand government, notably Daniel Singer in *New Socialist* and Mark Kesselman in the *Socialist Register*, have correctly called attention to the government's failure to mobilise the base in the first heady days after the victory of 1981. They are right but don't spell out what the mechanics of such a mobilisation might be; the key element missing in France is a coherent trade union movement. Fewer than one in six French workers is in a union and the unions are hopelessly split on political lines.

While nearly all of Mitterrand's ministers were elite intellectuals or administrators with no effective connection with workers the government also lost touch with the intelligentsia. The public full-hearted commitment of French intellectuals faded when the pleasures of opposition were replaced by the choices of power. It was a major tragedy of the Mitterrand government that it failed that most basic political test — how do you keep the support of those who put you in office?

Mitterrand was not helped by his partner on the Left, the French Communist Party, which moved into an even more slavishly Stalinoid, pro-Soviet mode after 1981. France's engagement with Eastern Europe is particularly strong and the endless reports on Poland which were permitted during the 16 months of Solidarity's existence showed for the first time on French television nightly the economic and social misery of life under Soviet communist rule. It broke the 40-year old spell that somewhere in the communist countries, underneath the repression and lack of freedom, something new and more decent was being built.

In addition, almost every international cause for which the French Left had marched in the 1970s — Vietnam, Kampuchea, Iran — had seen the downfall of the Left's opponents usher in new cruelties and repressions. For a Left whose whole essence is rooted in *Liberté et Egalité* the rubbishing, if not the rubbing out, of those two concepts by nearly all the post-capitalist countries presents an immense problem. To overthrow all existing institutions appeared, then, to bring in something worse. Was it not better to change them slowly, to take the reformist road?

Jean Jaures, the great hero of the humanist Left in France, shot dead in August 1914 because of his opposition to World War I, argued that socialism could be summed up in the expression *Aller a l'idéale en tenant compt du réel* and Mitterrand had certainly betrayed his Jauresian roots by over-fetishing reality and cynically sacrificing idealism, particularly in the area of arms exports and human rights. Nevertheless, the changes in France since 1981 have been worthwhile, immensely so compared with the policies of the people governing Britain over the same period. □

SHIFTS IN SOUTH AFRICA

FALSE DREAM SHATTERS

Changes are afoot which must shake even the most wishful-thinking whites, reports PHILLIP VAN NIEKERK

BEHIND THE IMAGES of violence which imply that the only future for South Africa is physical battle to the last drop of blood, is the tentative emergence of a new politics.

On the one side, the sudden resignation last month of Dr Frederick Van Zyl Slabbert, the leader of the opposition in the White House of Parliament, shattered the few remaining illusions of parliamentary democracy in South Africa.

On the other, education committees, consumer boycott committees and labour unions have opened up a tiny gap which offers hope for a new style of democracy against totalitarian solutions for the country.

Slabbert's going not only indicates that white power in South Africa has neared the end of the road, but is a sign of a new flexibility in the country's politics, despite the brutal repression of the state of emergency.

Real state power, real opposition and real political struggle have long existed in an arena much less tranquil than the Victorian buildings in Cape Town's Government Avenue. Yet to many whites, including liberals who now feel betrayed by Slabbert, the illusion lingered. From within what he referred to as the 'clubby atmosphere' of parliament, Slabbert was able to oppose the Nationalist government with the same vigour as an opposition leader of any Western democracy.

The effect was to lend credibility to a system which excludes the majority of the population, divides those who do have representation into racially segregated chambers, entrenches white rule and counters extra-parliamentary opposition with bullets and jails.

BLACKS HAVE BEEN cut off from power since the union of South Africa was formed in 1910, yet parliament has not always been what Slabbert termed a 'grotesque exercise in irrelevancy' which left him with an 'overwhelming feeling of absurdity'. What has changed is not only the increasing power of military and state security forces who are not even accountable to white voters, but anti-apartheid resistance — including non-violent protests — outside parliament. As a professed democrat, Slabbert was forced to look in that direction.

An example of the irrelevance of parliament to this process of change is President P. W. Botha's announcement that the pass laws and influx control are to be scrapped by 1 July. If Botha keeps his promise it won't be because members of parliament persuaded him gently through debate and dialogue. It will be largely

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because the squatters at camps within 20 minutes' drive of parliament refused to allow the system to work.

Resisting influx control laws which prevented them from having jobs, building shacks, or even being in Cape Town in the first place, the squatters of Crossroads, KTC and other camps continued to come to town and forced the government to concede it could no longer defend the law.

In the seaport city of Port Elizabeth and the surrounding small towns of the Eastern Cape Province the avowed aim of making the townships ungovernable by displacing the government-appointed Black town councils has been taken one step further; local government is now run by democratically-elected street committees comprised of 'people's organisations'.

Meanwhile, in places like the sleepy holiday town of Port Alfred, effective rule has moved to popular leaders — and the authorities have, in some cases, been forced to accept them.

The leader of the Port Alfred community, Gugile Nkwinti, sprang to national prominence last year when he headed a Black consumer boycott of white businesses and subsequent negotiations with local white businessmen to lift the boycott. These negotiations, in which the traders agreed to certain demands of the community, were among the first in which a radical Black group sat down around a table and talked to a representative white group. Port Alfred has been a pattern for a few other areas though mostly the state has preferred simply to brutally crush the opposition.

HOWEVER, A GAP has been opened. It is one which community leaders have been able to exploit for short-term strategic ends. They have not only engaged with people from the private sector but state officials who have been forced to recognise the legitimacy of the emerging people's organisations. The precedent for this form of low key, grassroots politics is the labour arena where the recognition of Black trade unions has been the cutting edge of Black-white relations for the past decade. Within this racist society has emerged a politics of negotiation. The unions have used the space to win victories for their members, to test their muscle and to build democratic organisation step by step.

Many of the young militants in the townships have found the slow, painful process hard to accept; earlier this year the Soweto crisis committee emerged when students wanted to boycott school for the year. It led to a battle between youths advocating 'no education until liberation' and people in the community who argued that a post-liberation society would be ill-served by uneducated people. In the end, the crisis committee advocated a return to school, but first sent a number of demands to the government to be met by the end of this month, failing which the boycott would continue.

Innovative and democratic organisation is continuing to emerge against extraordinary odds, but there are strong forces in the government which see the development of organisations acting strategically towards the goal of liberation as more of a threat than the anarchic violence of the street. □

AFGHANISTAN

WINNABLE WARS

Pentagon hawks don't want a deal — they want to force the Russians out. CLAUDIA WRIGHT reports

Washington

'WE HAVE AGREED with the Afghan side on the schedule for their phased withdrawal as soon as a political settlement is reached.' With these words General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev, in the course of his marathon speech to the 27th Congress of the Soviet Communist Party in Moscow on 25 February, explicitly confirmed Soviet support in principle for the removal of Russian troops from Afghanistan.

Ever since the Geneva summit between President Reagan and Gorbachev last year, important moves have taken place in the negotiations to end the war in Afghanistan. This war is the Reagan Administration's largest covert military operation and it is the only one waged against Soviet troops directly.

The possibility of a negotiated agreement between Washington and Moscow has stirred considerable uneasiness on the part of Pakistan's military establishment — and provoked open faction fighting among US officials. For the Afghan war has reached the point where the Administration must decide whether to take negotiations on a timetable for Soviet withdrawal seriously (and in effect concede the military failure of their local protégés, the Afghan Mujahideen) or else expand the US role in managing the Mujahideen, escalate the fighting and try to bleed the Russians into military defeat.

Like the three monkeys who see, hear and speak no evil, officially the US Government is not engaged in the Afghan war at all; the Department of Defense, which oversees a $3 billion military aid programme for Pakistan, ostensibly does no more than transport clothes and blankets to Afghan refugees living in camps on the Pakistan side of the border. State Department officials responsible for Afghanistan refuse to discuss military policy except in coy hypotheticals; they claim the US exercises no special influence on the Pakistani representatives to the UN negotiations on Afghanistan.

According to supporters of the Mujahideen in the US, the CIA's operations directorate received $342 million for the war from Congress between 1980 and 1984, about $250 million in 1985 — and almost double that amount for this year. At the same time, the CIA deputy director, John McMahon, was publicly accused of pursuing a 'no-win' strategy for the war — opposing the supply of sophisticated anti-aircraft weapons for the Mujahideen and blocking the efforts of Congressmen, retired CIA men and Mujahideen supporters to transfer policy control of the war to the Pentagon. McMahon's resignation, announced on 3 March, reflects this pressure.

Three men represent the Pentagon's effort to take over and escalate the war — Richard Perle, Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Policy; his adviser on Southwest Asian Affairs, Harold Rhode; and his special assistant, Elie Krakowski. Neither Rhode nor Krakowski has had US military or intelligence training. Their only acknowledged employment before joining Perle's office at the Pentagon was in junior academic posts in minor colleges — the University of Delaware for Rhode, Yeshiva University of New York for Krakowski. For all three the Afghan war has been a learning experience — none has studied or been in Afghanistan; Rhode was briefly in Iran as a student (at Mashad, near the Afghan and Soviet frontiers), but he and Krakowski have no familiarity at all with Pakistan.

Rhode deputises for Perle in contacts with US intelligence and, according to Pentagon officials, he has differed sharply with US intelligence officials over their assessments of Soviet intentions in Afghanistan and in the region generally. To fill the gap in his own knowledge of Soviet military operations, Rhode has depended, among others, on an Israeli consultant, Yossef Bodansky. Rhode has told the *NS* that Bodansky's work on the Soviets is 'superb'.

The Rhode-Bodansky connection has troubled Pentagon and US intelligence officials, who believe that they exaggerate Soviet military intentions. Bodansky was the target of a Pentagon security investigation in 1984. The Israeli press has reported that late last year the FBI investigated possible links between Bodansky and accused US spy for Israel, Jonathan Jay Pollard, whom US government sources say also supplied Pakistan with US intelligence.

KRAKOWSKI was still a student when the Soviets invaded Afghanistan in December 1979. What he knows of the circumstances he learned in large part from Zbigniew Brzezinski — in 1979 the Carter Administration's National Security Advisor and before that an academic supervisor of Krakowski's studies at Columbia University.

In the published account of his Afghan policy decisions, Brzezinski has claimed that in 1978-79 he advocated a policy of tough countermoves that might have deterred the Soviet intervention. He claims that if it hadn't been for the 'timid opposition' of the State Department, the US would have supported the Mujahideen earlier and 'perhaps the Soviets would have desisted'. Brzezinski's interpretation is flatly contradicted by the evidence of dozens of cables from the US Embassy and CIA station in Kabul, along with other US documents published in Tehran in 1983-84, after their seizure from the US Embassy there (see *NS* 5 April 1985).

These show that the Soviets had kept the Carter Administration well informed of their political and military moves in Afghanistan and had sought a tacit agreement with Washington to stabilise internal Afghan politics and limit Soviet military intervention in exchange for reductions in US support for

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the Mujahideen. But Brzezinski wanted to draw the Soviets deeper into Afghanistan, where they could become easy military targets and their presence used in US relations with the Arab Gulf states, Iran, China and Pakistan.

Brzezinski's position hasn't changed much since 1979. Last June he told a Congressional hearing that he favoured escalation of the war, reasoning that 'only if the resistance to the Soviet effort . . . becomes more effective might the Soviets eventually begin to consider alternative options.'

Like Brzezinski, Perle and his allies want to prod those at the Pentagon and CIA who share their 'strategic' view of the war into endorsing military escalation. In the absence of public support in the US for a negotiated settlement of the war, the Perle group appears to be taking sides with the Federation for American Afghan Action, the Mujahideen lobby group, and with right-wing Congressmen and Senators, who advocate a 'winning' strategy.

THE PAKISTANI government position is ambiguous. On the one hand, it rejects direct talks as a ploy by Moscow and Kabul to legitimise the Babrak Kamal government; on the other, it has accepted language referring to the Democratic Republic of Afghanistan in the three draft pacts already negotiated with the UN and wants to reassure domestic critics in Pakistan that it is not standing in the way of a final agreement on withdrawal. An apparent State Department proposal for a withdrawal timetable of twelve months caused an immediate reaction in Islamabad. State Department officials told the Pakistanis the suggestion was no more than a tactical manoeuvre.

But as the faction fighting in Washington becomes more intense, this point grows increasingly vague. Some State Department officials say that hypothetically they think a withdrawal period of one year is too long, but that six months might be closer to the mark. Speaking for Perle, Krakowski dismisses even this talk: 'The question . . . is not whether the Soviets are now in fact seriously contemplating withdrawal, but why they have chosen to make such a concerted effort at deception at this time'. US officials are back-pedalling on the one-year withdrawal idea, but not yet so far that they are ready to endorse the Perle group's call for escalation. ☐

This England

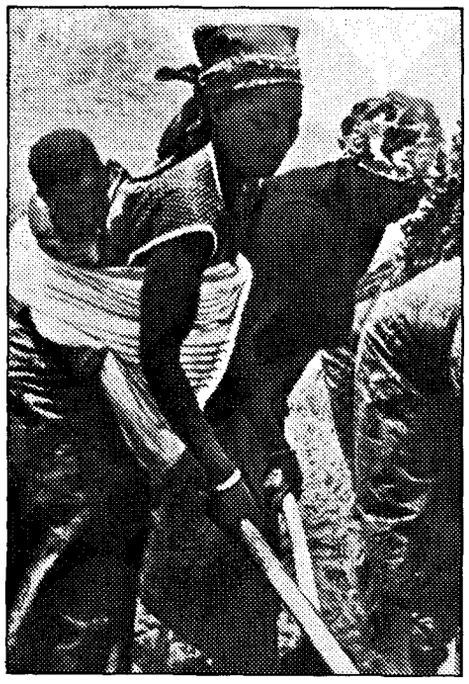
£3 Book Tokens for entries printed. (On postcards please).

☐ An investigation was promised yesterday into how a Doncaster hospital sent a letter to a woman, 14 years after she died, telling her no bed was yet available. — *The Times* (Miss L. Leschke)

☐ Land-Rover executives are not paid enormous sums — the highest-paid director, probably Mr Tony Gilroy, the managing director, received £61,389 in 1984 — and they will have to talk to their families about second mortgages. — *Financial Times* (Harvey Cole)

☐ 'There is a plus side to having three million unemployed as many people have now stopped buying spray cans because they can't afford them,' said Mr Parker. — *Islington Gazette* (A Paczuska)

Women are worth less.



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LETTERS

Sweden leads, Scotland follows

Bob Waugh, Oxford

Congratulations on your excellent editorial (7 March) in which you ascribe the quality of Swedish democracy in part to the very smallness of Sweden, which helps to create 'a social cohesion and a basic consensus about national social and economic goals that certainly does not (and probably cannot) exist in larger European countries like France, West Germany and the United Kingdom'.

This supports what we on the left of the Scottish Nationalist Party have argued for years. Sweden's honourable foreign policy, supported by the same social cohesion that underpins her domestic policies, stands in stark contrast to the foreign policy of the Wilson and Callaghan administrations. The key factor is the honesty of leaders like Olof Palme in coming to terms with the reality of their country's place in the world, as the leaders of an independent Scotland or an independent Wales would have to.

This acceptance has led to a real commitment to international co-operation and to the ideals of the United Nations which is widely shared by Swedish citizens. By contrast British Labour governments in the 1960s and 1970s sulkily administered post- Imperial decline with no new vision to offer the peoples of the United Kingdom.

Duncan Campbell and the GLC

Tony Hart, chair, GLC Nuclear Policy Group & Simon Turney, chair, GLC Public Service and Fire Brigade Committee

As GLC members responsible for its nuclear policy we wish to comment on what Duncan Campbell wrote — 'The story so far — and why I got out' — in last week's *New Statesman*.

Duncan was willingly co-opted onto a key GLC Committee three years ago because of his specialist knowledge on civil defence. He was the originator of the GLAWARS idea. He also set in motion and saw through many vital efforts for a truly nuclear-free London. Without his experience and hard work, the GLC would never have got as far as it did. We are glad that he was associated with our administration. This makes his resignation five weeks before abolition all the sadder.

We wish to correct some of the article's statements. First, GLC members and officers did not attempt to 'alter' the GLAWARS Report. The GLAWARS staff asked for comments from a number of people including the GLC. The GLC submitted its comments: some were accepted, some not. They concerned either matters of fact or whether the 'Overview' — the 15 page summary — accurately reflected the 200,000 word report.

Second, the GLC did not ask 'other nuclear free local authorities to campaign with them to "suppress" the GLAWARS report'. GLC officers were asked by members to present the options on how best to launch the GLAWARS report, and this was discussed with members and officers of the National Nuclear Free Zone movement. It is the function of effective officers in any council to present all the options raised by any issue. Our Nuclear Policy Unit did this. We are confident that they acted responsibly throughout.

We are pleased the launch of GLAWARS received widespread publicity on the real issue — the farce of government civil defence — and we hope that its valuable findings will increase the public pressure on the Home Office to start telling the truth and to admit that civil defence is futile while Britain remains a nuclear weapons state.

Tories go for hammerhead ways

Tim Grout-Smith, High Wycombe

I've long been convinced that the appeal of televised wildlife lies substantially in its blissful ignorance of matters like youth unemployment or trade union legislation, so the blatant coupling of the two in the recent Conservative Party political broadcast was something of a revelation.

But after all, why not? Show the viewers something you know they'll like, and they'll just be grateful to you for showing it. End it with a rosy afterglow of achievement and swelling strings and not even the prospect of writing to Norman Tebbit will dismay them.

The unflustered nest building of the hammerhead — a not unsuitable name for the party chairman himself — was clearly the way ahead; it was a home-owner and proud of it, just like the Conservatives. (In fact the bird often makes several nests in a season and frequently abandons partly-incubated clutches, according to *The Encyclopaedia of Birds*. Its industry is also widely abused, and eagles, owls, kestrels, genets or snakes often take over hammerhead nests in a natural, free-market situation.)

But this is just carping about a brilliant advertising notion — for Central Office says many people phoned next day to ask about the bird, and not one mentioned politics.

Give credit to Cory Aquino

Andrew White, London NW11

I was saddened by your sour comments on Cory Aquino's ascent to power (*NS* 28 February). 'A completely inexperienced politician' is your verdict on a woman who, despite the assassination of her husband in 1983, found resources of inner strength, confounded virtually all foreign analysts, and ousted the dictator who had orchestrated Benigno Aquino's death. On her language of non-violence, her capacity to inspire, and her conciliatory methods, you are silent.

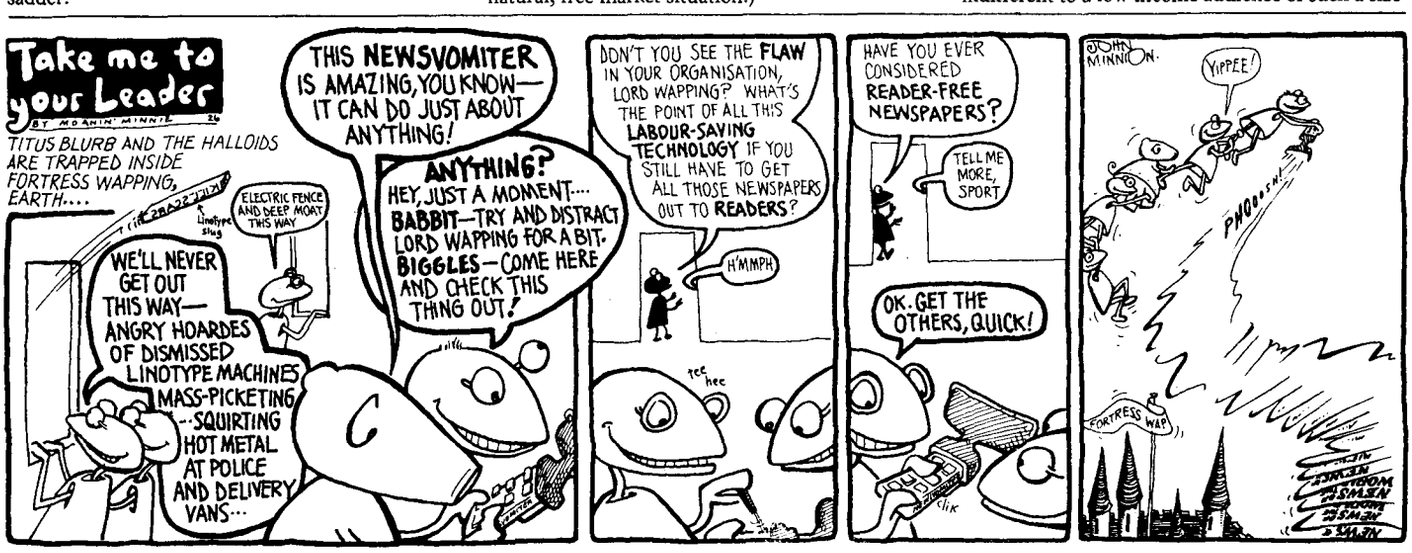
You state that the Americans 'stage managed Mrs Aquino's acquisition of the Presidency', but do not acknowledge the election run-up; the computer operators who risked their lives to blow the cover on Marcos's electoral fraud; the nuns and peasants who sat in front of tanks, faced down Marcos cronies and disarmed government troops. The courageous people of the Philippines are not silent players in a Pentagon game-plan.

Shah's revolution has no heroes

Patrick Wintour and David Goodhart, London EC1

In his review of our book *Eddie Shah and the Newspaper Revolution*, Paul Foot (*NS* 7 March) asserts that we are in a muddle over whether technology will cut costs so as to make it possible for more people to start newspapers. If by 'muddle' Foot means we put both sides of a complex argument — a technique increasingly alien to journalists employed by Mr Maxwell — then we plead guilty. However, Foot misrepresents us by asserting that we argue that getting rid of the unions and high labour costs will necessarily mean a more diverse press.

If Mr Foot had spent less time scouring the book for ideological deviation, he would have noticed on page 300 that we write that 'even with cost cutting technology can bring, a paper for the less wealthy will continue to be driven harder and harder after sales in order to survive. A general interest newspaper with a sale amongst 500,000 working class readers will still have the odds stacked against it. Advertisers will remain indifferent to a low income audience of such a size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H'MMPH
HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED READER-FREE NEWSPAPERS?
TELL ME MORE, SPORT
OK. GET THE OTHERS, QUICK!
JOHN MINNION.
YIPPEE!
PHOOOSH!
FORTRESS WAP

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so long as other mass sale papers are able to boast sales in the millions'.

We do go on to argue that lower production costs should make the small circulation, specialist paper aimed at a high income audience more practicable. However much Foot may feel otherwise, this view is not in contradiction to the assertion that politically influential mass sale papers will still be difficult to start and that bias will remain.

We have tried to write a balanced account which included criticism of Shah on a number of central counts — the Warrington dispute, his business acumen, his misleading self-image, his antagonism towards trade unions and all opposition. We also made it clear in the book, and revealed for the first time, the extent to which Shah relied on right-wing businessmen to finance his paper after traditional City sources of finance turned him down.

Shah, himself, is extremely unhappy at the portrait we have painted and accuses us of going out of our way to talk to and give credence to his enemies. This is hardly conclusive evidence either way, but it suggests that we have not written the hagiography Foot pretends.

Sport is losing space

Don Anthony, President, English Volleyball Association

Tom Pendry (Letters 28 February) says the Parliamentary Labour Party Sports Committee is trying to 'raise the whole level of debate' as far as sports recreation, and leisure are concerned. I'm glad to hear it. Perhaps his group will turn its attention to a serious loss of sports facilities in physical education.

Madeley College of Physical Education in Staffordshire has been closed; the facilities lost to the community. Lady Mabel College in Yorkshire seems doomed. Nonington College in Kent is up for sale; its excellent specialised sports library will probably be lost. Neither the Sports Council nor the DES has been able to stop the rot.

In London, Dartford College of Physical Education has ceased to operate and the bulldozers have moved in. This, the first full-time college of physical education for women, was founded in 1895; it was supported by the LCC and then by ILEA.

Both myself and the GLC Sports Advisory Sub-Committee tried, in vain, to discuss the issues fully, with the decision makers. If such facilities are considered 'private' to the educational community and not the social property of the whole community — it is a sorry outlook for the 'age of leisure'.

The spy's death

Peter Manning, South West Africa People's Organisation of Namibia

Denis Herbstein's article 'Dead "Spies" Look Bad' (*NS* 28 February) focuses on the baseless suggestion that Tauno Hatuikulipi's (not Hatwikupili) death did not result from suicide. It appears to be based solely on Herbstein's lack of knowledge of the details of his death. Neither your correspondent nor anyone else expressed doubts in the form of questions during the briefing in spite of ample opportunity to do so. During the week that Herbstein pondered this question before writing the article, he never attempted to see what our response might be to such an assertion. Besides, it wholly begs the question as to what SWAPO was likely to gain by the implied summary execution so soon after Hatuikulipi's arrest and before evidence could be satisfactorily gained from him.

In spite of the efforts of South Africa's London propaganda office on Namibia, no paper in this country has chosen to publish details of any of the discredited misinformation on SWAPO's settlements first presented in a right wing West German provincial newspaper and written by Willy Lützenkirchen, a journalist known since Muldergate for his close connections with the South African regime's propaganda machine. It is a pity that this rubbish gains its first hint of credibility in the *New Statesman*.

What could we do with the bases

Ray Nowak, Bury St Edmunds Labour Party

Labour's commitment to close nuclear bases has, for some time, been a controversial issue in this constituency (Letter 21 February). Our opponents have claimed that if such a policy was implemented it would have a drastic effect on jobs, house prices and the local economy.

If just one of the three bases in this Constituency were to close we would gain approximately 1,500 houses, ready-made factory units, a hospital, schools and recreational facilities as well as relieving housing in the locality currently rented by American servicemen and making a saving on Social Services and magistrate's courts. A national training centre could be incorporated into our proposals along with co-operatives and private industry. We had previously suggested that London's third airport could have been sited here. After all, the local people are well used to aircraft noise.

The proposals, along with others for alternative uses for nuclear establishments throughout the UK, will be considered by Labour's NEC shortly.

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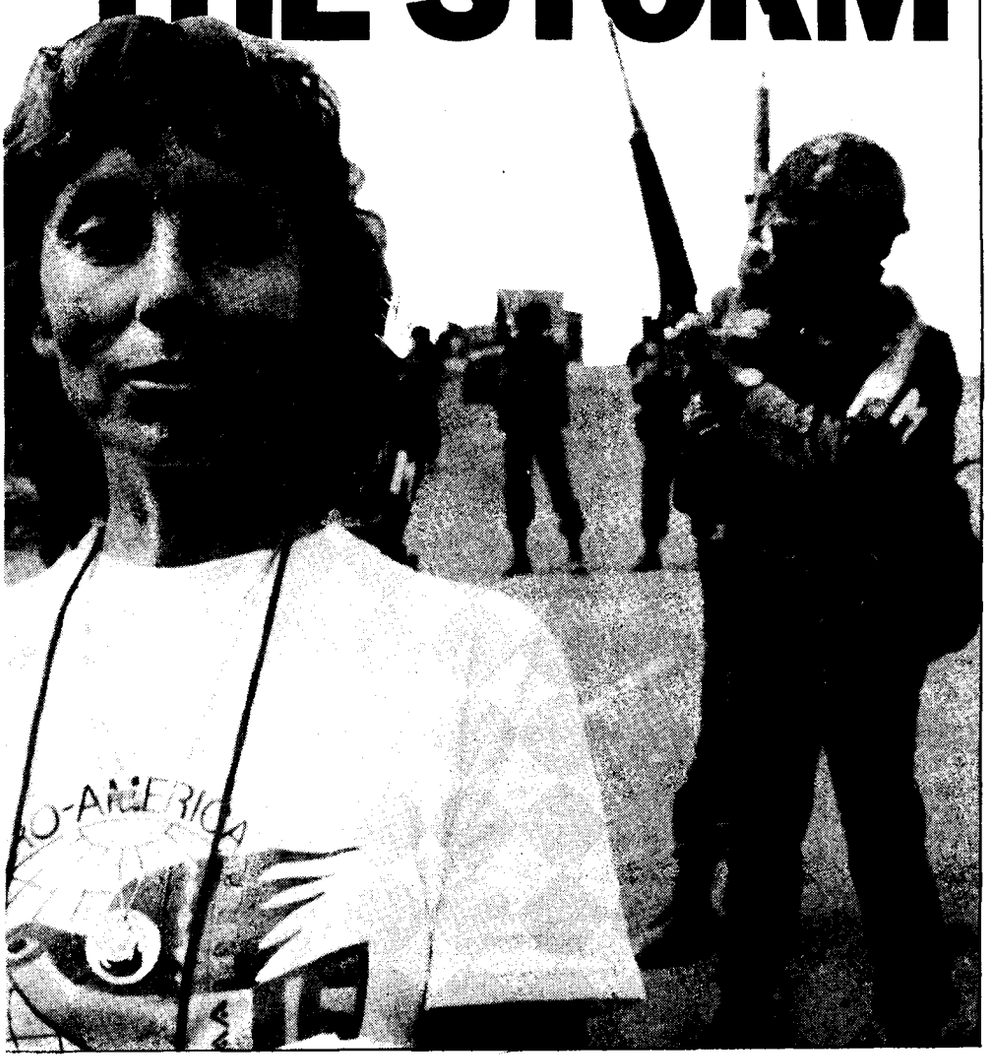
EYE OF THE STORM



Lynne Jones

Jesse Jackson compared it with the great civil rights marches of the '60s. The governments of Honduras and El Salvador found them so alarming they would not let them across the frontier. They are 300 peace marchers drawn from many different countries who, following the intiative of a Norwegian group, marched for peace from Panama City to Mexico City for six weeks last December. LYNNE JONES was one of them

14 December: Costa Rican frontier

The man wore a T-shirt saying 'Kill them all. Let God sort out the rest'. 'We don't want the peace march. Costa Rica has its own peace', he yelled. His friends stood around, alternately thrusting themselves in front of our video camera, yelling slogans such as 'Go away Red Pacifist' and waving placards. We hadn't expected problems in Costa Rica but the press in both Panama and Costa Rica had denounced the march as communist led — it had even published a made-up poster saying 'Yes to Socialist Freedom, no to Capitalist Freedom'. It had taken effect. We now had a welcoming committee in the form of Costa Rica Libre (CRL) a fascist group which supports Reagan's anti-Nicaraguan policies. Our visas had been reduced from six days to twelve hours transit. We were to be bussed through with a military escort.

Back in the concrete compound of the Panamanian customs house, tempers were rising. The heat was intense, there was no running water and some of the marchers felt strongly that we should just walk across the border, or sit on it until the Costa Rican government changed its mind. Others felt we couldn't risk not getting into Nicaragua.

The Costa Rican bus drivers were demanding an instant decision and there was not time for our own clumsy decision making structure — discussion in national affinity groups, reference to a spokesperson's group, back to affinity group if consensus not reached — to work. The leadership decided to take the buses. The 40 Canadians infuriated at this lack of democracy decided to stay.

At this point, as the Canadians sat in a circle holding hands and singing while various Norwegian organisers implored them not to split the march and endanger themselves, and other disaffected marchers pulled rucksacks off buses to join the Canadians — the heavens opened. Torrential rain poured down, rattling on the corrugated iron roof of the customs house and making all intelligent discussion impossible. The buses pulled out.

It could have ended there, crumbling in a sea of internal dissent. Fortunately the border had already closed for the night; the buses got no further than 100 yards into the crowded and raucous duty free zone. Moreover, the Costa Rican peace committee Code Paz had negotiated for us to stay 72 hours provided we did not provoke an incident. Time for superficial reconciliation.

16 December: An 'incident' in San Jose, Costa Rica

There is of course nothing like an external threat for creating internal unity — even in a peace group. We arrived in San Jose, the capital, to the rapturous welcome of some 300 Costa Ricans lined up on the Youth Hostel terrace shouting 'Viva La Paz'. Twenty members of CRL stood on the other side of the road waving placards. The police stood between them doing nothing and continued to do nothing as CRL began to bombard the hostel with tear gas and rocks and our supportive Costa Ricans began to get hurt — four seriously injured.

After two hours Benjamin Piza, Minister of Security and coincidentally founder of CRL, arrived to reinforce the police. He insists that as we have 'provoked an incident' we must leave at once under military escort. Code Paz are also anxious

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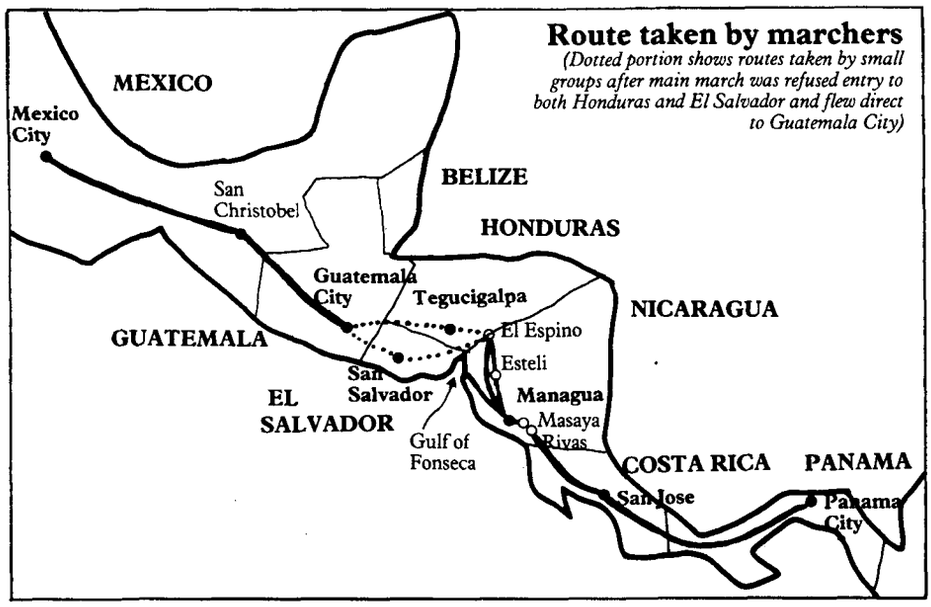

that we should leave. They feel that our non-violent response has helped them, but that further illegal confrontation could undo what we've achieved. 'You have created an intellectual storm', one said. 'Nothing like this has happened here for 10 years. You've exposed the wolf in sheep's clothing of Costa Rican democracy.' (Later we hear that a newly-strengthened Code Paz plans to take CRL to court, and that 15 December is to become a national day of peace.)

17 December: We arrive in Rivas, Nicaragua

A few of us escaped the visit to the peasant co-operative this afternoon and took our washing down to the lake. Running water has become a luxury. Two young women having got over their amusement at tall foreign men washing clothes lent us soap and talked to us. Jasmina is 17 years old with one baby with a heart condition, her sister, 23, has five children. They had four brothers; now they have two. Jasmina pulls her finger sharply across her throat — killed by the Contras. One had his eyes put out. The surviving two still fight in the north. Their mother was tortured by Somoza's soldiers. Things are better now than before the revolution in spite of the war.

We arrived back at the school to be chastised by Solomon, the local representative of Conipaz (Nicaraguan Peace Committee) for leaving the march. The problem is that while we feel moved and honoured by the cheering crowds of Nicaraguans that came out to meet us, the children holding cottonwool doves and reading poems, the Mothers of the Martyrs waving banners and fists and the formal speeches on Nicaragua's struggle for peace, it is quite impossible being bussed as a crowd of 300 from one event to another to make personal contact with anyone.

19 December: Managua

We grow accustomed to the presence of the military. Nicaraguans are anxious to point out that their soldiers are different. Daniel Ortega, Nicaragua's President, took up this theme in his weekly live TV show *Face the People*, on this occasion given entirely to us. 'Even Christ had to take up a whip. We respect those who defend the principles of non-violence and don't find it incompatible with our struggle — growing coffee here means risking your life.'

20 December: Meeting the opposition in Managua

Troubles brew. Eight Greenham women left the march this morning feeling they could do more travelling separately and feeling totally frustrated with the male dominated leadership of the march. Meanwhile the leadership feel that they too have lost control. Our independence has disappeared in the warm embrace of the Sandinistas. Yesterday the Honduran government said they would not have us as we have been so welcomed in Nicaragua.

However the line between non-alignment and downright rudeness is a difficult one to tread when one's host is a country fighting for its survival. Yesterday Solomon was upset at the marchers not wearing the red and black scarves on demonstrations. 'In Nicaragua two out of three people are Sandinistas and if people give you the red and black scarf they give you part of their souls.'

Today Conipaz insist that in spite of the fact that we are three days early there is no time to stay in Managua to meet with the opposition and that we are needed in the north to go coffee picking. After some negotiation a delegation did stay behind today to meet with those groups we could find for ourselves — not an easy task roaming between the skeletons of tower blocks and nameless streets that make up the wasteland of downtown Managua.

The Permanent Commission on Human Rights, backed by the opposition, told us that Nicaragua had the highest number of political prisoners (5000) in Latin America. The government supported commission later told us it was 6000 but that most were ex-national guard. The Conservative party (holding 14 per cent of the vote) welcomed us warmly, told us they would probably win the next election and to our surprise violently condemned the Contras, 'We want a dialogue — but how can we negotiate with killers, rapists and torturers?'

The Social Democrats were having a party and didn't want to talk and the archbishop was out of town. But it is Father José, a Spanish priest working for the government Human Rights Commission who stays in my mind. Suddenly after two hours of talking honestly about the problems of increased detentions and long waits for trials he broke into the passionate speech I am growing accustomed to in this country. 'Jesus spoke of the Kingdom of God. This is the closest I've seen to it in this world. You will find respect for life here. There is no torture, we have habeas corpus, it's quiet in the street, the position of women is changing. Education is promoted, health care is free, you can talk with the government. What more do you want?'

26 December: Esteli

It appears certain we will be refused permission to enter Honduras. However a group of representatives from the FMLN-FDR (El Salvador's liberation movement, based in Costa Rica) arrived to stress the importance of getting into El Salvador. 'Thousands are expecting you. You have to get in or make the attempt. Your non-alignment, your emphasis on peace confronts Duarte. If he refuses to let you in it puts him in an embarrassing position.'

Time on our hands means time to realise the decision making structure is not working. There is a definite clash in political style between those from the peace and ecology movements, mostly Canadians, Americans and English, committed to a non-hierarchical process of reaching consensus, believing that the political means determines the end; and those from the solidarity and trade union movements used to a more bureaucratic approach and who would like a quick decision. The result is that meetings drag on and the executive takes more and more decisions on its own.

27 December: Sumoto/La Playa

This march, Kato told me, is the most undisciplined in which he has participated and 'that is because of the lack of walking!' Kato belongs to an order of Buddist monks (the Nipponzan Myohoji) that have been walking for peace since the second world war. 'We see marching itself as a spiritual commitment, a form of prayer, the action of walking is essential if we want to commit ourselves to non-violent change.'

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Yesterday we walked not just the token march to the centre of town but out of small dusty Sumoto towards the Honduran border, camping in a field full of cowpats and thistles then on to the frontier town of La Playa. Kato is right — when we walk there is more harmony.

2 January: The Honduran Border

Two years ago the Contras destroyed the small town of El Espino. The Nicaraguans moved the border back 5 kilometres to La Playa. To reach the Honduran border now you must walk past the new wooden customs house and the children turning somersaults on the wooden frontier rail and up through a no-man's land of extraordinary beauty. A wide river, green wooded hills and valleys hung with flowers, a distant view of the bluer, more rugged mountains of Honduras.

We camp in the grounds of a school and come up to the border each day to demonstrate in front of a line of soldiers and a sign saying 'Bienvenidos a Honduras'.

As we sit on the frontier, groups and individuals approach the soldiers to talk, sing, perform theatre. And gradually the soldiers have relaxed. For the first three days they engaged in minor biological warfare, covering the ground on our side with 'pica pica' — a peppery plant that gives you an irritating skin rash. Today for the first time there is none, perhaps because of yesterday's action. Twenty marchers lined up on the white line 20 yards from the soldiers and explained in Spanish their understanding of how conflict could be resolved without violence. They asked if they might go over and shake hands. The soldiers shook their heads. 'So come to us?' The soldiers shook their heads again. 'In the air then?' The peacekeepers stretched out their hands — silence — slowly one by one the soldiers stretched theirs back in response. Needless to say converting soldiers has not altered the position of the Honduran government.

7 January: Managua

La Prensa (the opposition paper) reported today that the march is a total fiasco! Perhaps this is retaliation for the supportive headlines in the other papers, or perhaps because they sat in on yesterday's meeting. We have resorted to mass meetings and voting as the fastest way of making a decision. A survival of the fittest process that satisfies those who can endure it and eliminates those who can't. Yesterday we voted to risk our lives in the dugout canoes that cross the Gulf of Fonseca to El Salvador.

8 January: Managua

Nicaraguan immigration stopped us taking the boats after a strongly worded telegram from El Salvador stated that not only would we be forbidden entry but it would be regarded as an act of provocation by Nicaragua. A US frigate has appeared in the Gulf of Fonseca. El Salvador has also closed its borders completely to foreigners.

Meanwhile Managua is rife with rumours of the treatment of those in El Salvador unfortunate enough to be mistaken for the 800 El Salvadoreans who are on their own peace march, hoping we will join them. An airport bus was surrounded by the military and held for three hours, a Danish girl interrogated for ten hours and told she would be raped and killed if found to be with the peace march, and the last boat to cross the gulf yesterday was met by armed soldiers on the beach who sent it back.

'There's the sensation', Henrik, the Norwegian doctor remarked, 'of being in the eye of a storm — we think we're doing nothing and yet we are. Yet it's hard to see', he remarked cynically, 'what can be so terrifying about this bunch of hippies and lost sheep!'

13 January: The 'disappeared' Guatemala City

'We have been counting the days until you got here', said Ninette De Garcia, founder of the Grupo Apoyo Mutino (GAM), formed by relatives of the disappeared. She sat drinking coffee with us and explaining that it was a duty not a favour for us to march with the GAM. Our fear had been that because of the smear of communist subversives and GAM's desire not to be seen as manipulated by outsiders they would want us to keep our distance. 'You cannot do more harm than we have suffered already. We have lost brothers, fathers, sisters and we have nothing more to lose. You Europeans do not understand what it means to have someone disappear'.

14 January: Guatemala City

Today, Vinicio Ceroza, the new civilian President, is inaugurated. Outside the gate some 500 of the GAM, together with the peace marchers, sat holding up the pictures and lists of names of those who have not returned. We had walked here this morning through a crowded impoverished barrio where people came out to smile and clap. 'With the help of God, Vinicio and yourselves things will be better now', a woman told me, 'It's beautiful, thank you for coming'.

15 January: El Salvador

Fifteen of us decided to come here when we heard that after two weeks of activity (attempts to reach the liberated zones and a large march through the city) the Salvadoreans' own peace march was still continuing. It was now holding a vigil outside the cathedral until President Duarte responded to the demands sent in a letter — 'Immediate freedom for Brigido Sanchez (a peace marcher arrested a week earlier), guaranteed security for the marchers and an explanation of the military harassment.'

16 January: San Salvador

'There have been very few acts that have made the government as nervous as this march' Father Estoban, an organiser of the El Salvador march, told us in the afternoon. 'They are not accustomed to non-violence and behave like Don Quixote using force against a non-existent enemy.' He explained how the initiative from Norway had brought together a peace co-ordinating committee of over 20 trade union, student, human rights and Christian groups who would now continue working together.

18 January: San Salvador

Yesterday we read in the papers that Brigido Sanchez has 'confessed' to 37 murders. His lawyers tell us that he had told them he had been badly beaten, and offered 'aspirin' for the pain — which had made him euphoric and then depressed. After which he had signed a 'confession'. We tried to visit the prison yesterday. They were polite but somewhat preoccupied with arranging a basketball match and the correct authority was away.

22 January: End of the march, Mexico City

'This march has succeeded as a solidarity march but totally failed as a peace march', Daniel Maw, the Chilean professor of Latin American studies at Stockholm University, told me as we walked into Pueblo yesterday. 'It is almost impossible to accomplish both at the same time in Latin America.' He felt that in order to gain the support of the solidarity movements in our own countries we had taken too militant a stance. Peace requires working with the middle ground — it requires negotiation.

Henrik disagreed. 'You can't just take peace out of the context of human rights and self-determination. We didn't come here to create peace as we walked, rather hoping that we might animate those people struggling for peace. There is no point in negotiation for the sake of negotiation.'

Now on this last day of the march 80,000 Mexicans are walking with us through downtown Mexico City. Beside me the women from the sewing machine union struggle to hold up an enormous banner — a picture of Nancy giving $1 million to Mexico and a picture of Reagan giving 27 million to the Contras.

The air is filled with dust and the voices of people shouting and singing. An old woman, hair in plaits and ribbons, full skirt and bare feet walks beside me panting slightly to keep up. 'Where have you come from?' she asks, taking my hand. 'England'. 'Is that a city or a village?' 'A country', I reply. 'Oh . . . Is it near Vera Cruz? □

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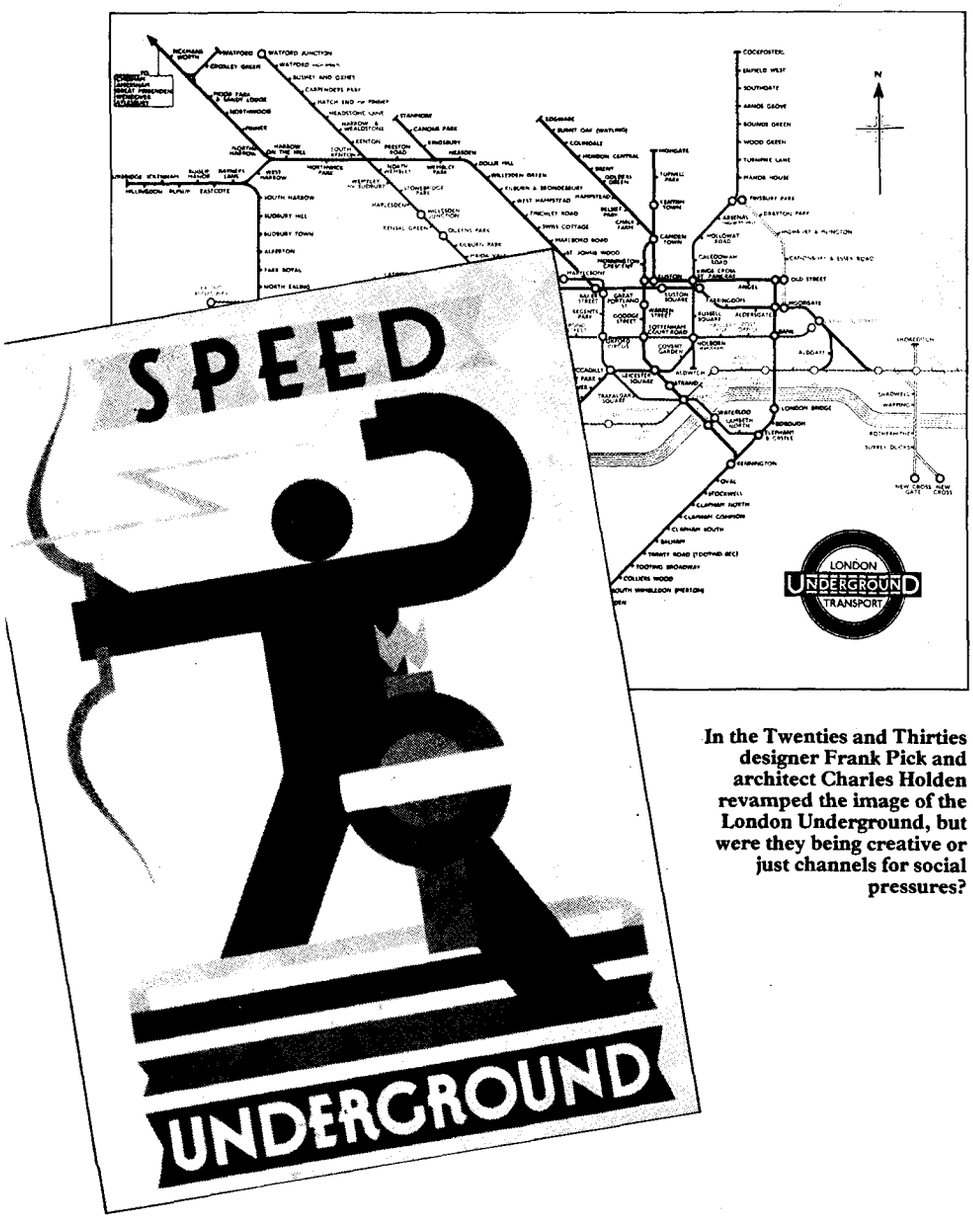

In the Twenties and Thirties designer Frank Pick and architect Charles Holden revamped the image of the London Underground, but were they being creative or just channels for social pressures?

The shape of things

Stephen Brook

Objects of Desire: Design and Society 1750-1980
ADRIAN FORTY *Thames & Hudson* £12.95

WHY DO MANUFACTURED objects look the way they do? The answer is obvious enough: because individual designers consciously gave them their shape and form. This answer does not satisfy Adrian Forty. He does not dispute that designers design; what he questions is their autonomy. In his broadly Marxist analysis, Forty reminds historians of design that their subjects pursue their profession within specific constraints. In the often irritatingly combative and graceless style that Forty adopts in this book, he states: 'The design of manufactured goods is determined not by some internal genetic structure but by the people and the industries that make them and the relationships of these people and industries to the society in which the products are to be sold.'

Fair enough. And so is this further useful corrective to received views: 'Whatever degree of artistic imagination is lavished upon the design of objects, it is not done to give expression to the designer's creativity and imagination, but to make the products saleable and profitable.' Adrian Forty then makes the grandiloquent statement that 'the history of design is also the history of societies', a declaration that puts on his own shoulders a burden he finds it difficult to carry.

The names of individual designers hardly appear at all in this book and, when they do, they are often denigrated. In 1940 American Tobacco decided to revamp the design of Lucky Strike packs. They called on the distinguished industrial designer Raymond Loewy, who promptly changed the colouring and lettering, while leaving the basic outline of the design unaltered. By changing the background from green to white, Loewy himself stated, he was striving to denote 'freshness of content and immaculate manufacturing'. So successful was he that the design has not been altered since. Forty, ideologically committed to ideas rather than individuals, asserts that by giving Lucky Strike an image of cleanliness and Americanness, the manufacturers were ensured a national market. These ideas 'signified by the design belonged in the minds of all Americans and cannot in any way be said to have been an invention of the designer'. Forty is prepared to give Loewy credit for 'devising a form that conveyed the association so effectively'.

Which, in my view, brings the argument full circle. Images embody ideas and associations, we are told, that are not the unique property of individual designers — though who would wish to argue that motherhood or hygiene are individual inventions? The designer, then, is merely the conduit for such ideas. But what is the difference between a good designer and a bad designer? — a question that Forty never bothers to raise, let alone discuss. The old school of design history — personified in his demonology by Nikolaus Pevsner and Stephen Bayley — would say that the artistic talents of the individual designer are all-important. Forty, I deduce, would have to say that a good designer is the one who most successfully devises images that carry the ideas necessary for the successful marketing of a product. I do not see that the two notions are mutually exclusive.

One designer that Forty does single out for attention is the celebrated Frank Pick who, in conjunction with the architect Charles Holden, redesigned London Transport with exceptional thoroughness in the 1930s. Booking halls, interiors of trains and buses, uniforms, lettering, advertising — all were part of an extended yet unified campaign to provide the system with an attractive image. I'm sure Forty is right to say that Pick opted for a modernist design not because of a fondness for the style but because 'it conformed to the image of London Transport as advanced and progressive'. What, then, are the ideas that this milestone in establishing corporate identity embodied? You will be astonished to learn that Pick's 'choice of designs was based upon what he judged would be good for London Transport' and that it was hoped 'to encourage people to travel more'. It is to give birth to such pioneering perceptions as these that Forty has written this book.

This is no isolated example. In an interesting chapter, Forty traces some developments in office design: typewriters and desks, and the need to differentiate office from domestic interiors. All well and good, and indeed the stuff that any standard design history would necessarily mention. But such changes are not, Forty consistently argues in this further round of shadow boxing, the result of the whims of individuals. Instead, 'efficiency has been the main consideration behind the selection of every design for every article of office furniture or equipment during the twentieth century.' There are many more such revelations for the reader in chapters on domestic appliances and wireless sets. The banality of the argument is

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that it is so broad that it can illuminate only the most general principles of design. It can say nothing about the merits or functions of specific designs that cannot equally be said by a conventional design historian.

Consequently, for much of the book Forty gives a clear and well illustrated account of, to give just one example, how a fervent belief in hygiene influenced the design of household appliances. But his claim to offer a new analysis of the relationship between design and society is grossly overstated. When Forty states that conventional design history 'attributes to designers a power and autonomy that they do not in practice possess' he is absolutely right. Designers design, but entrepreneurs and marketing managers choose which designs are used. This single insight, however, hardly invalidates the offerings of conventional design history. For my own part, while I accept the corrective that Forty's view offers, I prefer a design history that takes banalities of theories of production for granted and is prepared to concede some role in the creation of manufactured objects to a notion peculiarly absent from this book: imagination. □

FICTION

Identity problems

Adewale Maja-Pearce

Ellen
ITA DALY *Cape* £8.95
Cuckoo
LINDA ANDERSON *Bodley Head* £8.95
My Friends
EMMANUEL BOVE trans JANET LOUTH *Carcanet* £8.95
Caracole
EDMUND WHITE *Picador* £9.95
A Servant's Tale
PAULA FOX *Virago* £9.95 & £4.50

I HAVE SEEN Ita Daly's **Ellen** referred to elsewhere as a 'remarkable' novel. I don't suppose one ever ceases to be surprised. Set in Dublin in the 1950s, it is the story of a rather plain and introverted only child propelled into adulthood by the friendship of a young woman her own age who is everything she is not: 'I was in bondage to Myra and would remain so for as long as she wished. I was in bondage to her because she was everything I could never be and because, by some miraculous unreason, she had chosen me.' They move into a flat together, Myra betrays her in one of the most unconvincing scenes I have ever come across and Ellen kills her. Whereupon, and quite mysteriously, Ellen herself gradually inherits Myra's beauty, a comment I suppose on the symbiotic relationship between them that continues after Myra's death. Alternatively, the author might be trying to suggest that Ellen could only begin to emerge from her bondage once she had disposed of her crutch. Either way one isn't inclined to look too deeply into the matter. It all seems rather pointless and not particularly well written, although it appears that Ita Daly has twice won the Hennessy Literary Award, as well as the last *Irish Times* Short Story Competition. Just goes to show.

Strangely enough, one of the characters in Linda Anderson's **Cuckoo** also starts taking on the appearance of someone else: 'She was turning into fat like her mother! Pink ballooning flesh. Uncontrollable. It was as if a new large body were surrounding her with its ghostly contours, waiting for her to fill it.' At first sight this is a better novel than *Ellen.* Linda Anderson is a much cleverer writer, but it is a cleverness that quickly palls when one realises that behind it there's very little substance: it only sounds good. Frances McDowell, born of Northern Irish parents, lives in London. One day she gets fed up with her job and her lover, ditches them both and moves into a crummy little room in Stoke Newington. It is in this room that she is more-or-less assaulted by the black man who lives in the next room and she becomes pregnant. The blurb on the cover assures us that he has thereby 'changed her life, irrevocably and unknowingly', and so he has. It's not every day that a woman becomes pregnant, after all. In any case I suppose it *would* be a black man who is responsible for her transformation. Let's be precise about this: there are three black characters in this novel, and they are all symbols.

Talking of blurbs, the publishers of Emmanuel Bove's **My Friends,** first published in France in 1923, manage to squeeze the names of Colette, Rilke, Gide and Samuel Beckett into the very first paragraph on the front cover. I don't say it's not a good novel, but it's a mighty strange one for all the authority that has been summoned in its defence. Victor Baton, pensioned off from the army at the end of the war, lives alone in a room in the Paris equivalent of Stoke Newington. The story concerns his attempts to find a friend: 'Nobody has ever responded to my love. All I ask is to be allowed to love, to have some friends — and I always live alone. People do me some kindness, then they run away. I have never had any real luck.' The problem, of course, lies with him. As soon as anyone tries to get close he immediately does something to ensure that they are driven away. Doubtless a comment on the profound alienation of a generation that had been duped into fighting a useless war, it deals with a theme that has become stale with over-use and has in any case been explored more profoundly in the work of other European writers, notably Kafka.

Still on the subject of blurbs, we are assured that Edmund White is the best American novelist since Henry James and that **Caracole** is 'his most stunning novel'. Nabokov, Isherwood, Susan Sontag and Gore Vidal are all dragged in to lend authority. Much as I might respect their respective literary judgments, I must beg to disagree. A parable about a city under seige, its writing is always forced and sometimes just plain bad: 'Mateo looked at the reflection of the whole party in the fogged-over panes of glass lining one wall, the abstractions the windows made of them — the image of a blue silk gown filling one square; in another, Mathilda's face, yellow and puffy when seen head-on but in the glass redeemed; in a third a half of lemon into which the snouts of seven shrimps had been stuck . . .' and so on. There is a constant straining after effect which, in a novel of over 300 pages, is finally exhausting.

The best novel by far, and certainly the most enjoyable, is **A Servant's Tale** by Paula Fox. Luisa Sanchez is the daughter of the son of a wealthy plantation owner and the kitchen maid on a small island somewhere in the Caribbean. The first half of the novel concerns her early life on the island with her drunken, violent father and her downtrodden mother. Paula Fox is very good at evoking the texture of life among the poor of the island: 'The bitter suffering of adults was everywhere, in the voices of the women who came to visit my mother on those Sundays my father was away, in the faces of the men without work who hung around the jail or the little store, and, towards the last weeks of the dead time — before the mill started up — and when food was scarce and the monotony of the long days had worn the men down . . .' Rejected by his family, her father books them on a passage to America, where they end up in a New York tenement. After years of homesickness her mother eventually dies. It is a sad tale of exile and suffering, done without the least hint of sentimentality. Unfortunately it begins to fall apart in the second half, after Luisa leaves home and embarks on the life of a housemaid. It is the tension within the immediate family, and in the larger life of the Caribbean community, which raises the novel above the ordinary; stripped of this, it gradually loses momentum, but remains immensely readable for all that. □

Weighted against

Hilary Rose

Hypatia's Heritage: A History of Women in Science from Antiquity to the Late Nineteenth Century
MARGARET ALIC *The Women's Press* £4.95

MY CLEVER AND exceedingly elegant cat is called Hypatia. When visitors learn this they either blench at the affectations of a cat lover or grin and say 'of course'.

The original Hypatia was the most famous of all women scientists until Marie Curie. The achievements of this fourth-century Alexandrine, renowned for both her brilliance and her beauty, towered above those of her contemporaries and shone through the subsequent 15 centuries. Her violent death bloodily symbolised the passing of an era. The tolerant scientific rationality which had flowered in pagan Alexandria was giving way to a fanatical Christianity which combined Jew-hating with the conviction that the practice of mathematics was in itself a heresy.

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The pagan Hypatia taught mathematics, astronomy, philosophy and mechanics to pagans, Jews and Christians and was influential in the political life of the city. Cyril, the city's Patriarch, a Christian zealot, first secured the exclusion of the Jews, then connived in her murder.

Yet, while the history of science honours Hypatia and Marie Curie, it has done so in a masculinist way. If we view fourth-century Alexandria as a smaller renaissance, Hypatia was the equivalent of Leonardo. Yet, when it comes to the Renaissance itself, history does not celebrate Leonardo and erase all the rest. Nor, when history catalogues the cruel death of a great scientific man, such as Giordano Bruno, does it have to pretend that he was 25 rather than 45. Yet this is what Charles Kingsley, of *Water Babies* fame, did for Hypatia.

Alic, with more than a little of the same intellectual courage as the encyclopedists showed, seeks to redress the balance and her history of Western science is peopled with women. Taking seriously Gordon Childe's injunction that the pre-history of science lay in the technology of everyday life, she observes that along with man the tool-maker was woman the tool-maker. Her alternative history ranges over women in the Arab tradition, the contribution of the great gynaecologist Trotula and the ladies of the Salerno, the rise of the 'scientific lady' within the scientific revolution, women's contributions to chemistry, botany and astronomy and the wonderfully abundant presence of women philosophers in 17th- and 18th-century Italy, with the celebrated Maria Agnesi as the doyenne of mathematics.

But what is especially valuable is her unromantic grasp of the tightly prescribed social origins of these women, their dependence on men — brothers, husbands, fathers, lovers — to provide them with access to science. Their incredible difficulties in securing any kind of occupation appropriate to their talents meant that, while the noted mathematician and astronomer Caroline Herschel received some modest financial support in her own name, Sophia Kovalevsky, despite her status as an eminent mathematician, was refused an appointment to any Russian university but offered a post teaching arithmetic in an elementary school. Alic documents unsparingly the price that even these most privileged and gifted women paid. The exuberant Countess of Loveless, with her contribution to programming Babbage's Analytical engine, was seen by a male mathematician as needing to be restrained from mathematical reasoning for fear it might damage her health. Worse, she in part believed it.

Alic's book is a must for anyone trying to encourage girls and young women into science and technology and cheering for women to stay in there. The unstated message for women that they can become either lab technicians or Marie Curie and nothing in-between is decisively refuted. There is, incidentally, a splendid bibliography and this reader is looking forward to pursuing more biographies of women scientists. Lastly, at £4.95 and well presented, it's a snip. □

Old faithful

Francis Wheen

Loyalists and Loners
MICHAEL FOOT *Collins* £15

OF WHICH breed is Michael Foot? Not a loner, surely, in spite of the fact that he made his political reputation as a rebel, and in spite of the photographers' fondness for capturing him on his morning walk across Hampstead Heath, his misty solitude broken only by a small dog. No, the more one examines him the clearer it becomes that Foot is in fact a loyalist *par excellence.*

It is both a strength and a weakness. He is immensely loyal to his friends and his mentors, to figures as disparate as Nye Bevan and Lord Beaverbrook. He is loyal to his party: the foreword to this book is a spirited defence of party politics, which, he argues, far from being a dirty game or a puerile distraction, 'have provided the distinctive flavour and vitality of British freedom' over a period of nearly three centuries. He is loyal to his country: remember when he 'spoke for England' (as an admiring Tory put it) in that wretched Saturday-morning debate before the Task Force set sail for the Falklands? Most surprisingly, for those who remember Foot in his previous incarnation as a backbench troublemaker, he is very loyal indeed to the Labour government of 1974-1979.

> Considering how fierce and far-reaching was the world slump which hit us in 1974, considering how slender or non-existent was our majority, taking the economic record of the Wilson-Callaghan cabinets from 1974-9 altogether, here was a situation which a democratic Socialist could honourably defend.

His defence is indeed honourably argued, even if his determination to redress the balance does lead him to understate hugely the government's failings. But, whether one agrees with him or not, his attitude is at least a good deal more attractive than that of Tony Benn, who denounces the Wilson/Callaghan administration and its works for all the world as if he was not himself a member of that Cabinet from day one to the dissolution, never once apparently feeling the urge to resign.

Benn provokes from Foot one of the most impressive biographical essays in the book. Both as orator and writer, Foot is at his best when on the offensive. This has been the case since at least as far back as 1940, when *Guilty Men* was published. Just as that famous pamphlet was inspired by a sense of outrage at the disloyalty of the appeasers, so the liveliest essays in *Loyalists and Loners* are those about people who are felt by Foot to have betrayed his — or someone's — loyalty. His splendidly unforgiving obituary of George Brown (no *de mortuis* nonsense for Foot) begins with the news that, after a lifetime in the Anglican church, Brown died a Catholic. As Foot comments:

> More than any other politician of his time, George Brown was shaped by three institutions: his trade union, his party and his church. He left all three, complaining, at least in the case of the first two, that all the blame rested with these institutions themselves or those in charge of them, and none whatsoever with himself.

Foot's other targets include Benn, David Owen and — of all people — George Thomas, a.k.a. Lord Tonypandy. George Thomas's memoirs were astonishingly rude about Foot, Callaghan and many others, but Foot here takes a handsome revenge. He writes that neither he nor Callaghan, when they paid their farewell respects to Mr Speaker Thomas, had an inkling of the lash which Viscount Tonypandy was preparing to lay across their backs. He adds a damning parenthesis: 'I use the word lash advisedly; George in his schoolmaster days could be a ferocious whacker; he was nicknamed "the walking stick".'

Equally wounding asides abound in the first-rate chapter on David Owen, whose books *Face the Future* (both editions) and *The Future That Will Work* are subjected to merciless scrutiny. But not all Foot's subjects are held up to scorn. There are thoughtful essays on such problematic figures as Enoch Powell and George Orwell, and tributes of praise to friends or heroes such as Jennie Lee, Fenner Brockway, Nancy Astor, Lytton Strachey and many others. There's plenty to disagree with but much to enjoy. □

CLAUDE SIMON

new Nobel Prize winner for Literature, has, like Proust and Faulkner, stretched our concept of time in the novel, charted the way thought and memory work and given exciting new possibilities to fictional advance. Newly available *Triptych* (£4.95) & *Flanders Road* (£5.95) in quality paperback. In hardcover *Conducting Bodies* (£5.95). *The Nouveau Roman Reader* features 8 writers and their work, Nathalie Sarraute, Claude Simon, Marguerite Duras, Alain Robbe-Grillet, Claude Mauriac, Robert Pinget, Michel Butor, Jean Ricardou. Informative introductions clearly define, with representative samples, perhaps the most important school of post-war writing (£6.95). New Samuel Beckett paperbacks: *Collected Shorter Prose* (£5.95), *Collected Poems* (£4.95), *Disjecta*, collected criticism & miscellanea (£5.95).

HOWARD BARKER

has in the last year emerged as one of Britain's most exciting and relevant playwrights. *Women Beware Women*, his collaboration with Middleton, is now published (£2.95), a new variant on the love-power conflict. *The Castle* (with *Scenes from an Execution*) (£4.95), *Crimes in Hot Countries* (with *Fair Slaughter*) (£4.95), *Passion in Six Days* (with *Downchild*) (£4.95) and *Power of the Dog* (£2.95) have all been recently seen. Barker shows how the same conflicts in history keep returning, how cruelty, injustice, power-lust and greed battle with human passion and the need for art. *The New Photography* by Frank Webster reveals the language of photographs, how the camera can convince, cheat, lie and influence politics and commerce (£4.95), Stendhal's classic *Life of Rossini* (£7.95) and Moerike's *Mozart's Journey to Prague* (£2.95) again available. New opera guides are *Rheingold, Parsifal, Jenufa* (with *Katya Kabanova*) & *Barber of Seville* (with *Moses*) (£4 ea.).

JOHN CALDER * 18 Brewer Street * London W1R 4AS

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Shorter reviews

The Anarchist Writings of William Godwin

ed. PETER MARSHALL *Freedom Press* £3.50

Godwin is a difficult case. His life was long and varied, and his writings are long-winded and old-fashioned. He is difficult to like or read, and for some time he was neglected or distorted. During the past few years, however, it has become easier to get decent editions of *Political Justice* and *Caleb Williams*, his most important books — one fictional and one a theoretical assault on all established power — and during the past two years Peter Marshall has produced the most useful modern account of his life and now the most useful modern anthology of his writings.

This is a short book. A short preface and a long introduction with notes and bibliography take 60 pages, and nearly 200 extracts from Godwin's writings take another 120 pages. About two-thirds of the material comes from *Political Justice*, the other one-third coming from various essays and novels. The arrangement is thematic — after Godwin's own 'Summary of Principles' the sections cover human nature, ethics, politics, economics, education and free society.

Marshall's selection is sensible and valuable, bringing out the important points and leaving out the boring parts, and there are few errors or omissions. His introduction gives a good summary of Godwin's life and work, and readers who want to know more should go to his biography. There are no major mistakes or misunderstandings, and only minor quarrels with points of fact or interpretation. Perhaps Marshall goes too far in calling Godwin 'the first great anarchist thinker', let alone 'the most profound exponent of philosophical anarchism'. He has done what can be done to make him accessible to new readers, and more serious readers will have to go back to the often inaccessible originals.

Nicolas Walter

Very Nice Work If You Can Get It: The Socially Useful Production Debate

ed. COLLECTIVE DESIGN/PROJECTS

Spokesman £17.50 & £4.95

In the continuing debate about the future of work in contemporary industrial society, attention has been focused much more sharply on the *quantity* of jobs (and how to alleviate the shortfall) rather than on their inherent *quality*. Even when the latter was attracting greater consideration, as in the early 1970s, discussion was mostly restricted to a narrow range of issues around the concepts of employee participation and industrial democracy. Yet even in the mid-1980s, when the shortage of jobs and the need for job creation is more blatant than ever, qualitative aspects of work still crave our attention.

Some of the contributions to *Very Nice Work* may seem rather a long way removed from present-day reality. Given the current distribution of ownership and control, turning swords into ploughshares has a chance of reaching boardroom agenda only if the profits on swords are falling (which in the main they aren't) or if the workers producing the swords have the collective strength to influence the production decision (which at present they haven't). Nevertheless, as an endeavour to develop the notion of 'useful work' — matching the production of goods and services to real needs — this present collection is a worthwhile effort. It builds on and considerably extends the early Eighties debate on socially useful production which in turn had centred on the alternative plan of the Lucas Shop Stewards Combine Committee to produce useful products rather than passively accept widespread redundancies (a plan which has aroused much interest at home and abroad, though not taken up in Lucas itself).

In the decade since the Lucas plan some steps have been taken, particularly at local government level to develop a more sensible and sensitive production process. Activities in places as far apart as London, Belgium and Sheffield receive attention in different articles. So too do various aspects of the production process, from the question of forms of ownership to the overall definition and measurement of what constitutes production. This breadth of coverage is both a strength and a weakness, at times stimulating but often insufficiently substantial to tackle the wider questions of finance and the organisational and political environments necessary to turn the idea into a viable policy option.

Paul Blyton

The Mirror of Myth

JASPER GRIFFIN *Faber* £15

Philip Larkin's marvellous poems will be remembered long after his notorious critical *dicta* have been consigned to the lumber room of literary history. Jasper Griffin's brief study of the uses of myth begins with one of Larkin's more provocative observations as epigraph, one which embodies the bluff, freewheeling philistinism that was one of the less attractive features of the Movement: 'To me the whole of the ancient world, the whole of classical and biblical mythology, means very little . . .' Every poem, believed Larkin, 'must be its own sole freshly created universe'. Arguably the faults in much contemporary English verse, what Donald Davie has called its 'lowered sights and patently diminished expectations', are the consequence of that sort of self-limiting programme. Perhaps myth provides the imaginative bicycle pump that could inflate all those well-made, dull, foot-of-the-magazine-column verses that offer their wry obliquities to us in the weeklies.

Although the first of Griffin's 1984 T. S. Eliot memorial lectures raises the expectation that issues like this will be addressed — he shows how crucial to modernism classical allusion was, how Joyce and Eliot won from it 'complex effects of contrast, reflection, counterpoint' — the bulk of these readable and lightly erudite pages are concerned with the past and the way myth provided classical cultures with great and memorable images of pleasure and pain that enabled divine precedent to justify the experiences of mortals. In a memorable phrase Griffin talks of the treatment of death and pain as truly significant experiences through which 'the infamy of our nature becomes glorious'.

The final lecture shows how Virgil turned from the pitiless intensity of the Greek myths to a more subtle treatment which admitted moral guilt and suffering. This is one of the more striking features of myth, its plasticity, its ability to provoke the creative imagination to new inventions.

Unfortunately Griffin's forays into the present are rather grumpy and donnish — he has heard of 'persons' who hold seminars at Stratford which contend that the only important thing about Shakespeare is his social implications. They also politicise *Antigone* where it is manifestly above 'mere politics'. One sees what he is driving at but the distinctions are a little too pat. I am more interested to know why Tom Paulin recently re-worked *Antigone* into his *Riot Act*, why, in other words, myth lives on, *pace* Larkin, and continues to haunt the imagination as much as it has ever done.

Nicholas Murray

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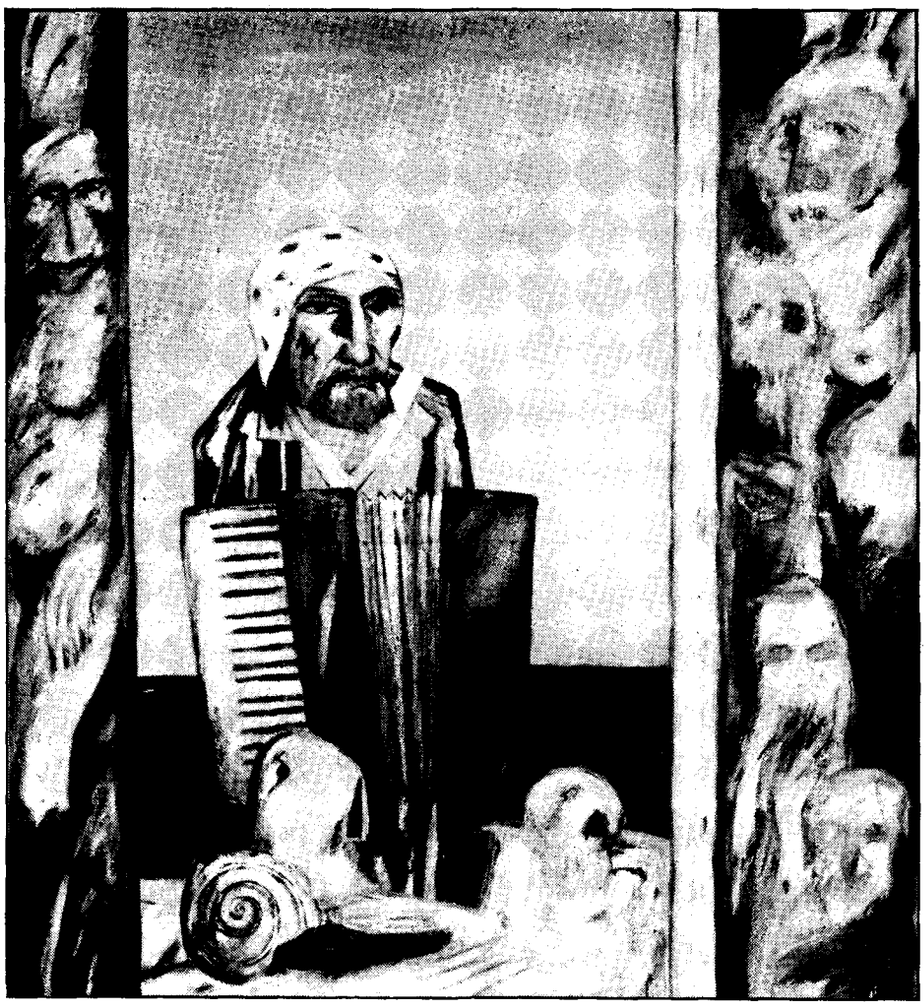
ART

Lure of the wild

John Spurling



John Bellany's 'Self Portrait with Accordion' at Fischer's

John Bellany
Fischer Fine Art, 30 King Street, London SW1
John Bellany: New Portaits
National Portrait Gallery
Living Art Pavilion
Ideal Home Exhibition, Earls Court, London

SEDENTARY PEOPLE are naturally drawn to the wild men of art and it is a debatable point whether the particular success of wild artists this century has been due mainly to the world's increasing violence or the critics' and curators' increasingly easy circumstances.

Certainly it hardly seems to matter to these sedentary folk if the work of such artists — tamed by their success — ceases to be genuinely wild, so long as it keeps up the appearance of being so. Francis Bacon's change from being really wild to fashionably wild was plainly signalled in his Tate retrospective last year by his adoption of gold frames around 1960. We shall have to wait for **John Bellany**'s retrospective later this year at the Scottish National Gallery of Modern Art to pinpoint the same moment in his career, but it must have happened sometime between the large diptych called 'Kinlochberwie', painted in the late Sixties and now hanging in the Fischer gallery's window, and the works, mostly from the last two years, which are assembled inside the gallery.

'Kinlochberwie' is a scene of butchery set outdoors against a hill. In the foreground, behind a long table with a red and white check tablecloth, a row of butchers with haunted faces is handling large joints of meat. Behind is a row of fishermen, one of them holding up a plank, which by suggesting the horizontal piece of a cross refers the hill to Calvary. The painting's tone, in both senses of the word, is set by the dark blood of the meat. During the Seventies, Bellany's work became lighter in tone and more obviously symbolic — bird-masks, totemic fish, clocks ticking away mortality — without losing the outdoor ambience, the constant setting of sky, sea and fishing-boats based on Bellany's own background as the son and grandson of fishermen in a Scottish fishing-village.

Where Bacon's interest in urban claustrophobia eventually stranded him in designer-style interiors, Bellany's foot in a real landscape helped him retain at least an element of his original ruggedness, though his figures and their symbolic appendages began to look a little too dependent on the inventions of others — Munch, Ensor, Beckmann. His best work inside Fischer's is the most straightforward, both in theme and composition: a Beckmann-like 'Self Portrait with Accordion', painted in 1974, the head covered with a piratical blood-spotted handkerchief, and a group of corpses posed as for an excursion photograph in 'Charon's Boat', with a life-belt labelled 'Hope' and the nameplate 'Rose of Sharon' over the wheel-house. This is a very recent painting, but it has a density and solidity essential to Bellany's brand of wildness and mostly missing from the other work in the show.

Richard Cork's introduction to the catalogue notes Bellany's 'pervasive emphasis on the action of light', but that is a polite way of saying that he is trying to substitute in hot colours and thin, rapid brushwork for the energy that he once found in working out his themes and motifs for the first time.

Speed, high colour and prolixity are terrible temptations to the romantic artist and for Bellany last year must have been one long orgy of brushwork. There are 20 oils and 20 watercolours dated 1985 in Fischer's, while at the National Portrait Gallery there are 12 oils and seven watercolours and drawings from the same year. It is the portraits that have suffered most from this impossible timetable. The sitters are members of Bellany's family, several artist-friends, two Tate curators, the cricketer Ian Botham (commissioned by the NPG) and his manager, Tim Hudson, who, overwhelmed by the same enthusiasm as the Keeper of the gallery's 20th Century Department (he writes in the catalogue of 'white-hot creativity'), seems to have bought the lot.

The portraits of the artists and curators — I can't speak for the sportsmen or the family — are neither likenesses nor caricatures, but crude approximations to likenesses, as if they had been done from indistinct memories in a tearing hurry; and all the paintings — sportsmen, family, artists and curators alike — share a complete lack of conviction about the presence of another human being. In fact these dashed-off outlines of figures jazzed up with brightness and splash are nothing more than instant poster-art and, if it were not for the romantic susceptibility of curators to the notion of white-hot creativity, they would surely have no place in the National Portrait Gallery.

The **Living Art Pavilion** at the Ideal Home Exhibition is a classical temple incongruously housing a suite of rooms furnished by Liberty and adorned by the Arts Council with contemporary paintings and sculptures. The art, with one or two exceptions, is modestly unassertive and the whole has too much the air of a window-display to convince anyone that real art might hang in real living-spaces — if that's the purpose of the exercise. Still, compared to what the other houses in the exhibition have on their walls, it's wholemeal to sliced bread. □

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Who's driving whom to distraction? Cleese and chauffeurs in *Clockwise*

FILMS

Slave of time

John Coleman

Clockwise (PG)
Warner; Cannon, Panton Street; ABCs
Detective (15)
Camden Plaza; Metro
Jagged Edge (18)
Leicester Square Theatre
Young Sherlock Holmes and the Pyramid of Fear (PG)
Plaza: Cannon, Oxford Street; ABCs

A FEYDEAU ROAD-MOVIE with a pronounced British accent, a bad and hilarious trip to Norwich with the tic — or tick-tock — of Time clicking away in a man's skull like a principle of order without which madness lies round the corner: this is the beautiful premise and promise of **Clockwise**, directed by Christopher Morahan with the straight face needed to build to farce. If ever there was a consummation devoutly to be wished, it was surely the coming-together of John Cleese, taut-finicky, quiveringly upright pillar of his own establishment, ever liable to those terrific comic rages which find echoes in all of us, and the novelist, playwright and general quiet genius of edged comedy, that seriously funny man, Michael Frayn.

So to Frayn's first script for the cinema — and Cleese, reining himself in as if almost in pain from his Fawlty Towers persona, as the boss of a comprehensive school elected as chairman of the posh Headmasters' Conference, blotting out wife (sterling Alison Steadman) as he rehearses his speech aloud and in voice-over in what wildly ensues. When you really wonder if the film is going to make it, things conjoin. Stimpson (Cleese) finds himself on the road to the Conference with one of his delinquent pupils, Laura (Sharon Maiden), aghast yet sympathetic at his hijacking of her dad's car. Stimpson, hounded by Time, is forced to lose his sense of it. A cool tractor-driver, some female loonies to whom his wife is giving an outing, cops and the exquisitely -mannered and bemused Heads attending Stimpson's arrival (he has suffered an interlude in a monk's robe meanwhile and a transference into spiv's garb in a glade — the film's high point) make for a manic hymn-singing sequence, with a clocked-out Stimpson conducting his august audience like a school assembly. One of the nuttier old ladies sings 'This is my lovely day' as cars crash. You believe it.

Loyal followers of Jean-Luc Godard may find their adherence tested by his deliberately rebarbative **Detective**, which is some kind of return to his messing around with Hollywood B-minus gangster movies, a shaggy-*chien* of a dislocated tale, unnourishingly replete with poor, untranslatable puns, voices-over reading from fancy texts to the accompaniment of high-class music, books everywhere as if their presence bought the film some cultural standing. In a Paris Grand Hotel are a boxer, his manager (Johnny Hallyday, real-life pop idol) beset by Mafia and other debts, a couple of detectives peering into a two-year-old murder of a prince, a dissolving marital pair (Nathalie Baye, Claude Brasseur) to whom the Hallyday-figure owes lots of francs. Nymphets flit by as does dear old Alain Cuny as a Mafia chieftain, understandably tight-lipped. As a 'tec, Jean-Pierre Léaud makes a barely recognisable return. In sum, a crossword puzzle with lousy clues and the wrong grid. If this is the refreshing anti-cinema-convention cinema needs, I'll stay home and watch the real bourgeois stuff on the box. Telling a pursuable story is often much more subversive.

Richard Marquand's **Jagged Edge** refers to a murder-weapon, a sheath-knife which has a blade corresponding to the movie's title and which probably aspires to a larger innuendo. A San Francisco heiress has been slain; her husband Forrester (Jeff Bridges) is prime suspect; a reluctant former-prosecutor with bad news in her past, one Teddy (Glenn Close, the poor man's Meryl Streep), comes to his defence — and he's spared. Some racy camera-work up and down staircases, some twisty courtroom stuff which may or may not evoke *Witness for the Prosecution*, a tennis-stud, a bent prosecutor (Peter Coyote) import a certain rancid interest. Poor Teddy, in this bondage-and-bleary occasion, comes up with seamy evidence that exonerates Bridges. That isn't, however, the end of a snarled tale, which rips a stocking mask from an unanticipated face. Who cares?

Under the Steven Spielberg banner floats in **Young Sherlock Holmes and the Pyramid of Fear**, directed by Barry Levinson who should know better: an idiotic, flashy but unusually well-played fantasy about a young Sherlock (Nicholas Rowe) and his bespectacled schoolboy chum Watson (Alan Cox) in 1870 London running into all manner of special effects and unspecial expectations. □

Recommended viewing

A regular selection by our critic from films still doing the rounds

Dreamchild Carroll-Dodgson's Alices — fictions, fantasy and fact — collide in scintillating cinema first for Gavin Millar, polishing every facet of original Dennis Potter script. Old Mrs Hargreaves, née Liddell (superb Coral Browne), has bad, lyric, macabre 1932 centenary NY trip, memory's whirligig halting on late-learned love (Ian Holm, Amelia Shankley).

A Chorus Line Richard Attenborough's valiantly rewarded and rewarding shot at screening the impossible: an audience-participation stage musical. Choreographically updated by Jeffrey Hornaday, it combines exuberant dance, a good song or three, with edgy dialogue. Showbiz loving itself, but for once so what? (Vicki Frederick, Audrey Landers).

Defence of the Realm Fumes of menace rise from David Drury's corrosive if erratic political chiller, written by Martin Stellman, reflecting current home-based concerns. Hoodwinked into disgracing awkward MP, tabloid reporter redemptively opens can of worms as Special Branch hovers (Gabriel Byrne, Denholm Elliott, Greta Scacchi).

MUSIC

Sigue heil

Jon Savage

THE MUSIC INDUSTRY has a new sensation this month: it's called Sigue Sigue Sputnik and it feels . . . sort of slippery. The group's first record — called 'Love Missile F1.11' — is already in the top three after only a couple of weeks on sale and may well be number one by the time you read this. Both record and group have been boosted by a carefully planned, heavily financed and adroitly executed campaign of hype that has had both the music/style press and the tabloids reeling. They've got the story: sex, violence and rock'n'roll *theory*.

This may, of course, simply be an index of how desperate is the dailies' need for a pop fix. The Fleet Street 'pop wars' began in 1983 with the prominence of Culture Club and Duran Duran, two groups who took care to make

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themselves available to the dailies. The market has since become so competitive that pop has become an integral factor in the circulation wars; its coverage has recently reached a pitch of simultaneous aggression and triviality that cannot possibly last.

In this case, Sigue Sigue Sputnik have set themselves up for it. From the outset, they were meant to be post-Sex Pistols controversial. Assembled to specification by minor Punk Rock figure and holder of a first class degree Tony James, they were unerringly aimed at a gap in the market: that for teenage trash. Reasoning that pop is now full of American music aimed at the older market, the 25-40-year-olds, James designed a potentially rich, all-male package of outrageous clothes, technological buzzwords for the 'computer generation' and endless slogans like 'Ultraviolence', 'Video Nasties', 'Rockets' and 'Excitement'. Sigue Sigue Sputnik, so we were informed in one of the myriad interviews the group gave before playing a note, were 'the fifth generation of rock'n'roll'.

And, being a post-modern creation, Sigue Sigue Sputnik were as much about the process of hype as anything else. This is definitely post-Sex Pistols. In the film *The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle*, Malcolm McLaren reduced the Sex Pistols' short and scandalous story into a parable, 'Ten Lessons', on how to swindle the music industry. Subsequent entrepreneurs have taken this parable at face value and, in a series of imitations — Spandau Ballet, Frankie Goes To Hollywood — which became progressively less interesting, have turned a potentially devastating critique of the music industry into a device which simply reaffirms its power. Sigue Sigue Sputnik are fifth-generation swindlers: in signing to EMI for an unspecified (but large) sum, they became EMI's great rock'n'roll swindle at the same time as they were celebrating their own cleverness. In doing so, they showed the idea of the Swindler to be totally bankrupt.

As the story of their Swindle and its attendant hype became THE story about Sigue Sigue Sputnik, they released a record which remains the most likeable thing about them. Produced by veteran Euro-disco producer Giorgio Moroder — whose 1977 hit for Donna Summer, 'I Feel Love', may lay claim to have invented the whole synthetic-disco movement — 'Love Missile F1.11' is an agreeable confection of throbbing pulse, found noises and sloganeering lyrics. In its flimsiness lies its charm. Indeed, it is reminiscent of nothing so much as a glam-rock hit like Sweet's 'Ballroom Blitz': Sigue Sigue Sputnik revealing their real roots.

The grand design hit problems when it encountered the real world. If you looked, the careful package was full of contradictions: the group's Russian name and typography clashing with its celebration of cheap American imagery, its attraction to 'domineering women' undercut by its 'boys with toys' fascination with gory death and nuclear explosions. And, of course, when Sigue Sigue Sputnik hit the general public with their 'designer violence', the public wasn't to know it was just a *concept*. After a concert where one of the two drummers allegedly threw a bottle and injured some fans, and the singer told appalling racist jokes, the next audience showed exemplary taste by attacking the lead singer with a glass. What did they expect?

The 'controversy' about Sigue Sigue Sputnik can be seen off with the question: what's it for? They may be shocking but they are no Sex Pistols and have already become soap opera; such theory as they might have is too flimsy to avoid instant recuperation. And if it's just for them to get rich, then flaunting your cleverness smacks not of 'subversion' but of cynicism and contempt. At present, the most interesting thing about Sigue Sigue Sputnik is how, in their aggressiveness and desperation, they mirror the state of the music industry and the tabloid press with whom they have become such intimate bed-fellows. □

Horowitz
Deutsche Grammophon 419 045-2
Vladimir Horowitz — The Last Romantic is the title of a film, recorded in Horowitz's New York apartment last April, from which these performances are taken. The most substantial pieces in the recital are a Mozart sonata (K.330), Chopin's B minor Scherzo and A flat Polonaise; the remainder are the kind of lollipops with which Horowitz has flavoured his programmes for more than 60 years. At the age of 81, his technique does not quite have the savage precision for which he is renowned; tiny slips of articulation upset the poise of some performances. But the utterly unique Horowitz sound is there — the sensuous legato phrasing, the explosions deep in the bass register — so is the head-on attack upon everything he plays. In Mozart and Schubert the result is not particularly interesting; in Chopin, Liszt, Skryabin and Rakhmaninov it is quite unlike anyone else. Horowitz addicts will buy this anyway; the less committed will get a taste, at some times stronger than at others, of what made him a legend half a century ago.

Liszt: Piano Works Volume 6
BOLET *Decca* 411 803-2
Jorge Bolet's virtuosity belongs to the same tradition as that of Horowitz, but it is used to entirely different expressive ends. The grand manner is certainly part of his style; there is no lack of generous rubato when the music demands such ripe romanticism, but it is not Liszt-playing of the obvious eye-catching kind. His concern for detail is fastidious and objective; the fine grain of Liszt piano-writing in pieces such as 'Les jeux d'eau à la Villa d'Esté' is scrupulously realised, while he sustains the 'Bénédiction de Dieu dans la solitude' by his attention to the niceties of pedalling as well as a limpid unostentatious tone. *Venezia e Napoli* is the longest work included, a three-part appendix to the Italian book of the *Années de pélérinage*; the B minor Ballade demands unashamed rhetorical playing and gets it. At a time when pianists tend to plan their recordings by genre — a book of studies, a set of preludes — Bolet's sequence of small Liszt recitals is a constant, unexpected pleasure.

Andrew Clements

THEATRE

Smiles better

Benedict Nightingale

Lend Me a Tenor
KEN LUSTIG *Globe*
When We Are Married
J.B. PRIESTLEY *Whitehall*
Rowan Atkinson: The New Revue
Shaftesbury

NICE TO GET a week in which the West End's assaults on our laughter glands weren't neanderthal entertainments with names like *Run for Your Wife* or *Wife Begins at 40*. True, **Lend Me a Tenor** itself hasn't the subtlest of titles or, for that matter, the subtlest of contents. Some may think its author, an American called Ken Lustig, is pushing his luck when he asks us to believe that, even in pre-war Cleveland, a wispy musical amateur could persuade a serious audience he's the world's leading exponent of Verdi, giving the performance of his and their lives. Certainly, he risks getting his dramatic licence endorsed when he introduces a flamboyantly wincing hotel bellhop for little better reason than to provoke a mildly homophobe snicker or two.

Yet I don't believe the brotherhood will ultimately be more offended by that than the sisterhood by the play's women, a pretty aggressive and sexually avaricious lot. Good farce generates a charged, nervy atmosphere in which one is prepared to overlook implausibilities, incidental grossness and much else; and *Tenor* ends, I think, by being as good a farce as is currently on offer in London, the eternal *Noises Off* always excepted. At all events, my tiny mind was amused by the moment in which the great Cleveland impresario, finding (as he wrongly concludes) the great Neapolitan tenor dead in his hotel bed, shakes and boots the corpse with distraught yells of 'Italian bastard, I knew you'd get me.' It was even more diverted by the consequences, prime among them the intermittent presence onstage of two Otellos, both in full make-up and costume, one basking in ersatz glory, the other hectically on the run from the cops, each ignorant of the other's existence. Denis Lawson, Ronald Holgate, John Barron play it with verve, brio, eclat,

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elan, and the other commodities appropriate on febrile theatrical occasions.

When We Are Married, whose fun emerges from character rather than flailing caricature, demands more canny, considered acting and gets it from as classy a cast as you'll find outside the RSC or National. This is recognisably the work of the genial Jolly Jack Priestley, as distinct from that earnest scourge of the illiberal, J.B. Beastly; but, in its unpretentious way, it too has its moral edge, its didactic point. Like so much of its author's work, it's an assault on complacency, this time represented by the three stately Yorkshire couples who assemble to celebrate their silver weddings, only to be told that their marriages were always invalid. The situation gives everyone involved a shaking that's salutary to them and, in Ronald Eyre's production, consistently entertaining to us.

Perhaps the funniest moment comes when Timothy West, small-town pomposity incarnate, graciously reassures Prunella Scales, his put-upon wife, that he knows his responsibilities and will make an honest woman of her — only to find that she doesn't share his view of his own eligibility. 'You're very dull and very, very dreary,' she announces in a gentle, reasonable voice, as if to a small child. 'And stingy.' But the evening leaves other good memories, several of them involving Bill Fraser, mumbling and glassily shambling his way through Priestley's most Dickensian creation, the photographer who comes to snap the happy couples for the local rag. His performance typifies the cast's main strength, which is its collective refusal to push character and situation from comedy into farce. Profound drunkenness can rarely have been played with such deft minimalism.

That's not the most obvious description for **Rowan Atkinson**. Deft maximalism would seem an apter summary of his talents. To be frank, I didn't enjoy his present show quite as much as his last, partly because favourite items were missing: e.g. his grotesque attempts, first to change chastely on the beach, then to stay awake during a sensationally boring sermon. Even his signature sketch, the schoolmaster's rollcall of crazy names, has been vulgarised, spoiled. Yet he still manages to be funnier than just about anyone else, if less when the words proliferate than when he's left silently to exploit the versatility of that piece of silly putty, his dolefully pouting clown-face.

The only talking sketch that fully succeeds shows yet another grim schoolmaster (what happened to Atkinson in his formative years?) blandly informing a parent he's beaten his son to death. 'Yes, he's lying upstairs, stiff as a board — and this, I'm afraid, is typical of his current attitude.' The evening's best moments offer Atkinson the school swot crawling round, over, under desks in his anguished attempts to peek at a fellow-examinee's paper, Atkinson the bad lover demonstrating how not to greet a date, taste wine in a restaurant or dance in a disco, and Atkinson the good lover impressing his girl with the debonaire way in which he strikes a match against his right ear. Those leave you feeling that he, alone of contemporary comedians, could create a show in which he said nothing at all — and still manage to be hilarious. □

Clifford Harper

The song of suds

Peter Forbes

WASHING UP is pure limbo: one of Anthony Hecht's 'neuter, intermediary states'. In a lukewarm daze, we imagine it will be over quickly and look forward to resuming real life. We even pretend that it doesn't take up real time — it is slack, to be slipped in between important engagements, writing masterpieces, acts of love and, not least, eating.

It is thus a close analogue of commuting and Tiresias, in his classic *Notes from Overground*, has destroyed the fallacy that commuting has any purpose beyond subservience to the train. This obvious truth has compelled me to recognise the importance that washing up plays in my life. Once you realise that chopping vegetables, simmering over a thickening white sauce, wine glinting with its ruby promise, *bon mots* and beaming faces are only a prelude to the main course — washing up — it all makes more sense.

Yes, you've always been standing here, wondering whether to start on the glasses or the sludgy dishes — all that happened in-between was a dream. Washing up is one of the common bournes, like sleep, to which we all must return periodically to receive absolution. Purification through degreasing.

Washing up is highly poetic. As an aid to negative capability it is off the Keats scale. Rimbaud might have recommended systematic derangement of the senses but washing up will do for me. What are the thoughts that grow out of this sulphosuccinated stew of fatty acids? Auden: 'O plunge your hands in water,/Plunge them in up to the wrist;/Stare, stare in the basin/And wonder what you've missed.'

Asked to name a few indispensable props of civilisation, few would ever mention soap, let alone detergents, but imagine a world in which fats could not be rendered water-soluble. An *Invisible City* Italo Calvino might have written about, but didn't, is the City of Grease: Oilatum.

In Oilatum the barrier between oil and water is never breached, so every surface has a permanent smear of oil. It can be thinned by constant rubbing but never entirely dispersed. Bodies gleam perpetually and are cleaned by Roman-style strigils. Shampooing the hair is replaced by an oil change. Fabrics, which would quickly become filthy in this oleaginous kingdom, are not used, and every surface is smooth and waxy. There are 17 words for oil, 35 for grease and 57 for wax. There is no washing up, only a quick wipe with an oily cloth; for special occasions, crockery is polished with aromatic oils.

Emulsification! Sacred principle of grease dispersal. When you squirt the magic tithe of green fluid into the bowl, the detergent molecules — ambivalent little blighters — start

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to line up. One end of each molecule suffers from hydrophobia and buries its hydrocarbon chain in the remains of your *coq au vin;* the other end is a tipsy waterholic, thrashing about, trying to slake its salty appetite. Result: grease particles are unglued from the plate, to be whirled in the post-biotic soup — entropic plug-hole of the organic realm.

And behind emulsification there's saponification, the principle of soap manufacture. It is a relief to know that if you were washed up on a desert island you wouldn't have to do without soap. Take animal fat and the white ash from a bonfire. Boil them up together and the fat (a glyceryl ester of fatty acids) will produce curds of soap (sodium salt of fatty acids) and glycerol.

So, here we are again: the seminal squirt of fluid and off we go. To rinse or not to rinse? I used not to, but think of what that film of detergent deposited daily would amount to over a lifetime — it's enough to emulsify your innards! And tea towels! The survival of the tea towel into the hygienic age is a mystery on a par with the use of wind-down-and-reach-out doors on High Speed Trains. Crockery, washed and rinsed, is reasonably clean, though not biologically sterile, but tea towels are a perfect medium for ensuring that your next mouthful is seasoned with the household germs.

Repository of the irrational; mystic interface between the aqueous and the oily; despised, unsung activity; foul sump of the domestic economy, I salute you! □

The weather

Mick North

Your hands have work in them like the
weather
in a hill. Your thick skin's grown protective;
the creases cracked when you didn't bother
with barrier-creams, or left the gloves off,

a bloody hindrance. Or just because they
didn't tell you, then, that solvents can leach
the suppling oils from human skin: safety
at work came slower than the living wage

you pedalled to from shop to mill, then on
to shunting-yard and plastics plant towards
enough and the first car. It wasn't greed
that made you 'double-back' from 12 hours
10-

to-10 to 6-to-6 straight through, but her
and me and the roof, and the rainy day
that might've turned up, and a bit to spare
for the sun. Even now Dad, is that why

you still can't stand to miss the forecast
on the box, demanding *Shush* with your ear
cupped in a hand to catch every last
word, your backside almost out of the chair?

TELEVISION

Hugo Williams
Hitch hike

I NOTICE THINGS like the sign in the shop Bread and Roses demanding that customers refrain from calling the female staff 'Love' and 'Darling'; the sulky friendliness of beautiful Asian shopkeepers who call you 'sir' and 'madam'; the cheating, greedy roofline of the hideous new pseudo-Georgian Bank of Nova Scotia in Islington High Street, which seems to be pretending that the four or five extra service storeys piled on top are really part of the sky, just because they're painted grey. I am wide-eyed in wonder at anyone who can set it all in wider terms. It seems a real horror-show.

Christopher Hitchens has been in Washington five years now, poor chap, and his eyes are round with nightmares. He popped back recently to knock out a brilliant round-up of this country's ills for the **My Britain** series (C4). Listing its symptoms under Love (for a plastic Princess and an Iron Lady), Poverty (the inner cities) and War (Falklands, class, the run-up to WW3) his diagnosis was not encouraging to those of us without bikes.

His first interlocutor was Brian McNally, a Manhattan entrepreneur from Bethnal Green, who felt that he would never have left it if he hadn't left the country. 'The rancid tabloids treat the working class as moronic. You can't be subjected to that sort of thing and not be affected. You have to *order The Times* in Bethnal Green!' When Hitchens recalled with some fondness being duffed up as a socialist undergraduate by demonstrating dockers back in '68, McNally told him he had a romantic idea of the British working class. 'Their only political feeling is racial hatred. They're too culturally deprived to take it any further.'

Hitchens mused on his own more cultured heritage: 'Larkin, Betjeman, Churchill ... Why do I most mistrust what strikes most chords in me?' He visited his old prep school where one or two middle-aged schoolboys rehearsed assured futures for him: 'Hopefully university and the services', etc. One tearaway wanted to be 'a lighting director' (not an 'engineer', naturally). Prep schools fostered all the worst; 'yet have also taught unexpected people to think for themselves.' E.g.: himself. It was here that the need for example emerged. Orwell's grave was visited, 'the greatest Englishman since Thomas Payne', a man who had 'been able to loathe the Empire but love Kipling'. This 'rather sensitive position for an Englishman to occupy' was one which Hitchens, who 'grew up aware of our decline, yet within reach of memories of greatness', clearly shared. The memory of greatness most easily within Hitchens's reach was his father, a naval captain in the last war. The two stood in some sort of maritime setting, but the old boy wasn't committing himself to his son's thesis except through the most distant of metaphors: the mounting of a five-inch gun at Port Stanley. 'When we came to test it we found we hadn't brought any bullets with us.'

It was a bridge passage which led naturally to the Mess Deck of the *HMS Minerva,* where old Falklands War hands were encouraged to feel that the Unions had a lot to answer for. These servicemen 'were Churchill's "angels in marble",' said Hitchens, ushering on Alan Clarke MP who thought that the ruling class had forfeited the support of the dogged conservative working class by having betrayed it first in the trenches, then in the great slump. Jeffrey Archer also appeared. I wonder, would it be possible to quote him — 'There is no such thing as tax, no such thing as rates' — when withholding one's cheque next time. Archer had wanted to be a politician since he was four, he said. He felt that decrying success — one understood his own — was unpatriotic. Can Hitchens honestly agree with him? Was Archer admirable, perhaps, in himself? Hitchens descended into Churchill's bunker and felt that no one with a sense of history could fail to be impressed. Nostalgia for the period '40-'45 was not nostalgia for Empire but for a time when the voters were not at (class) war with each other.

Hitchens was on to safer ground for his attack on American colonialism. Our transition from ally to satellite had taken place gradually. 'Even though I'm in East Anglia I'm looking at a base that is controlled in Washington by maniacs who believe that a nuclear war can be won. It seems to me that a country that allows such large tracts of itself to be governed from abroad has abandoned its independence.' You can see why he's such a hit in Washington. The mild manner controls a temper that would have been already lost in the rest of us. His patrician cool and cigarette allowed him to grill an American official as to the right by which his base existed on British soil but not to get an answer.

One year to the day since 'an insufferable British minister' had turfed them out as a sop to the Americans he visited the campaigners at Molesworth. Foreign occupation or nuclear threat? 'They go together', said a young man. 'The bases make us a target. I would say I *was* being patriotic.' This was the clear, unambiguous position Hitchens so admired and envied. These freezing, ignored citizens had 'a more serious concern for their country's future than their betters have ever displayed.' As the film closed to jet screams over barbed-wire fences, Hitchens, smoking heavily as if in mortification, did his best to come down off it. 'As a socialist I certainly think that patriotism is not enough, but I'm beginning to think that it might be a start.'

I wish there were space to praise the germ-warfare disaster movie on *Screen Two*, **The Russian Soldier** (BBC2). It was exactly the kind of scenario that might result from the attitudes Hitchens was trying to isolate. 'We'll call it foot and mouth disease for the time being, shall we?' The man from the Ministry was cast as a Norman Tebbit lookalike who unfortunately swallows his own medicine in the last reel due to his addiction to tea. (It's in the well water.) 'If this country is to protect itself this work must go on,' he says, but by the time he is zipped into the isolation van he seems to have changed his mind. 'Dad, I can't pee,' says a small boy. 'I haven't been able to pee all day. When I try all that comes out is a kind of foamy stuff.' □

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Naseem Khan
Playtime

FEW ARTS are more private than the work of Theatre-in-Education groups. Unless you're a child, a recent child or a teacher, chances are that you'll have seen nothing of it. And, given its uninviting name, chances are that you wouldn't make too much effort to see it, either.

That — as Work in Progress started to argue last week —would be a mistake. TiE at its best is innovative, exciting, radical work. This year's NIFTIE (Newham's International Festival of Theatre in Education), with its mixture of new work and old, established companies and young ones, home-grown product and foreign work, went a long way to proving that point. It also restored some of my faith in the abused category of 'festival', too often a random ragbag of touring work that just happened to be passing the administrators' back-door.

For a start, NIFTIE creates something that otherwise wouldn't exist. For its fifth festival, it brought together 15 professional companies from three different countries and six youth-theatre groups; it organised 62 performances in as many schools, two major discussions (one of them a brave self-evaluative session) and a couple of workshops. The majority of that work would have usually been seen only behind closed school doors. NIFTIE didn't bring it completely out, but it did open the doors to the curious. Second, it created an invaluable forum for practitioners themselves. The chance to see new work or to play to one's peers is a rare one; the lack of it contributes to the cut-off state of the touring TiE groups.

Third, NIFTIE must have made the schools of that one London borough think that it was Christmas. Since there's an inherent problem in presenting TiE work — how can an adult audience reproduce a similar quality of response to that of the young audience for which the work has been tailored? Without the evidence of that response, how can the work properly be judged? — NIFTIE's solution, proving the value of decentralisation, was for the work to be seen *in situ* rather than in showcase. Delegates who wanted to see it were transported round the borough to hosting schools and offered mini-benches and chairs behind the kids.

A clever and simple solution, it is without any doubt the way to see the work. TiE — in desperation at its shadowy public image — has occasionally come out of the playground and gone public (as with Theatre Centre's season at London's Drill Hall), but there's always been a sense of something missing. Where are the shrill, electric bells slicing savagely through the action? Where are the armies of passing feet? Where are the odd acoustics and the audience whose barely restrained excitement can turn an occasion into either disaster or magic? Playing to children in schools is like juggling over a pit of piranhas, and liking it.

To appreciate that quality of professionalism, the work has to be seen in schools themselves. In Little Ilford School, for instance, where Leeds TiE's five members transported their audience to the Crimea; in William Davies Infant School, where Jamaica's Kidstuff posed the problems of diverse peoples living in harmony; in Calverton Primary, where Theatre Centre suggested, ever so subtly, that there was nothing wrong with being a noisy girl or a good, quiet boy. ('Miss, if I do metalwork and woodwork and technical drawing, do I still have to be a hairdresser?')

There is something satisfyingly basic about a TiE company at work. Like original storytellers, they have their audience, they have a space, and little more. 'Convince us,' say the children: not as easy as romantics think. Leeds had their audiences on benches set diagonally across the corners of a muddy, blood-stained Union Jack on which they acted their show *Flags and Bandages*. Five of this talented group doubled up as nurses, soldiers, nobs, horses, corpses and the entire Charge of the Light Brigade in a tale that the company had itself devised. Various strands ran through the action (at times strands that could have been tauter): a countrywoman in the Crimea as a nurse searches for her soldier husband; a Welsh lad dies painfully; flashbacks show how both had come to be there. But they were hangers, essentially, for the sort of comment Joan Littlewood first made accessible in *Oh What a Lovely War!* at Stratford East down the road. The war is an imperialist convenience. The so-called equality is a blind. Mary Seacole, who punctures the high-falutingness with her down-to-earth realism, is an unwanted black nurse.

Leeds was more impressive when it came to the smaller moments and turned in some beautiful examples of concentrated acting that had me near to tears. An ambitious work, their play contained rather too much, in its unusually long length, for the audience with whom I saw it, but will provide rich ideas and images for a long time to come.

It shared a quality of emotional honesty with Theatre Centre's *Over and Out*: a show that looked, without great breast-beating, at the issues of conformity. The main protagonist is a rough and noisy girl, Caz, whose ambition is not to swoon over Paul Young, but to build a radio transmitter. Scorned by the 'normals' she escapes, with her un-rough friend Boy, to a world where the two of them can do what they actually like doing. And so, is the implicit message to the rapt children, could you.

As should be apparent, the work is no actor's easy option. TiE needs particular skills — an ability to engage, respond to and use the energies of an unsophisticated audience; an ability to cross disciplines (music, dance, circus skills, mime and more); an ability to work flexibly in the democratic, multiple-role, no-star structures of TiE. A demanding area (and yet a growth one), it is disregarded by drama schools and unknown by the wider public. If it can do so well on rejection, what could it do on acceptance? □

Weekend competition

No 2915 **Set by A. Boteman**
Potted biographies of the famous, please, in their own style, e.g. a sonnet-life of Shakespeare, a Cautionary Tale about Belloc, etc. By 27 March.

No 2912 **Set by E. O. Parrott**
Media accounts of the new minuet craze.

Report **By Babe Bio**
Sap rising, is it? Joynts unstifening? Blud geting to the brane agane? Your medier parodies sugest that spring may be in the air out their. But condishuns in here have not bene aleveated by so much as a tentativ sunbeme or a singul tender dafodil shute, let alown rume to expand. Ten quid, then, for eche winer and no space for all the nerely-as-gud ones.

(Hysterical radio voice): and at NUMBER seven, that's *Three Minuets Precisely* by Tim and the Time-Cheques, really GREAT NUMBER, *and* IN at SIX, The Minu-skirts and *Minuets On The Menu*, while *crashing* DOWN to FIVE, here comes *Ho Chi Minhuet* with The Minsations, *but* UP, highest *new entry*, it's *Gimme Ballroom*, by Little Minu-ha-ha, and *that's at* FOUR, *and* another CLIMBER, here's the THREE-spot sen*SA*tional country HIT, *Make Mine a Lil Ol' Minuet, Honey* by Jeanie C. Crinoline, and at *number TWO, Pepperminuet Sneeze* by Shintap, *AND* at NUMBER *ONE again*, it's this year's Euro-smash, *One-Zwei-Trois* by The Brotherhood of Min . . . BILL GREENWELL

Dear Sir
I read in your columns that the minuet is again in vogue among young people.
Is there no depravity to which this generation will not sink? This horrible mincing 'dance' consists of men with powdered wigs and faces parading about hand on hip before their leering partners, who are themselves dressed more for brothel than ballroom. When Mr Shaffer spelled out just what a filthy pervert W A Mozart really was, the attraction of his so-called music for our spineless wastrels was entirely predictable.
Is it too late to add it to the admirable Mr Churchill's 'laundry-list'?
Yours etc., G Smythe-Roberts
(New Delhi Fox Trot Champion, 1923)
NOEL PETTY

Beware readers! 1986 looks likely to see the re-emergence of the Minuet. Reports suggest the antiquated knees-up is set to sweep the nation. Yes, readers, we're all going Bach in time! From now on the Mozartful way to carry on will be in twos to triple time. At a recent London function attended by the Royals there was no Haydn the phenomenon. Prince Charles was reported as saying that he 'found it hard to Handel'. My advice — put Beethoven on your Chopin Liszt! J. J. JOHNSTON

In his pin-stripe suit and tortoiseshell spectacles, bank clerk Nigel Smith appears the essence of respectability. On Friday nights, however, he re-powders his wig, gums a beauty spot on to his upper lip and emerges from his Neasden semi as 'Wolf', leader of the Electric Harpsichord Band. He is the power behind the raunchy revival of the minuet, and at the Lyceum Ballroom he is besieged by girls, all screaming for his breeches . . . LISSA EVANS

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Weekend Crossword 1511

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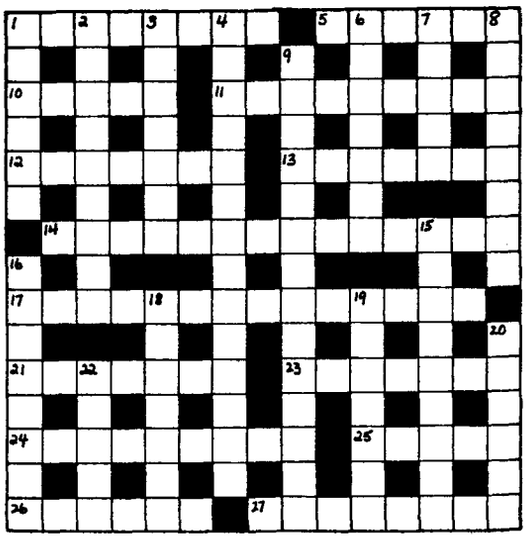

Name_____

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Next week crossword prizes will change. From issue dated 21 March we will be giving **ONE £10 Book Token** a week for Setsquare crosswords and **ONE £35 cheque** each month for Salamanca.

ACROSS

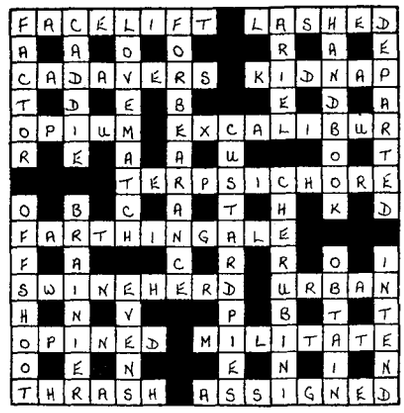
1. Tossing a coin so he is for sticking together (8)
5. The company enters inducements to secure exclusive items (6)
10. Ways in which love creates sadness (5)
11. Former railwaymen turned commercial gentlemen (9)
12. Where romance comes in disguise (7)
13. Those who get worked up make their point by spoiling the tennis (7)
14. Permanent rules which place one rank before others? (8,6)
17. The object in degrees with almost all language, but it gets one into deep water (7,7)
21. Instrument for addressing a keel? (7)
23. Shortened birch perhaps used on a child for crime (7)
24. Girl carries a gun as a game (9)
25. A miser has lost his skin and turned to stone (5)
26. Honest although he has spoilt his credit (6)
27. Books which a footnote changes (8)

DOWN

1. A small amount of money makes the company eat sparingly (6)
2. African who needs a little drink after a hot number (9)
3. One is a fool in immediately becoming a writer (7)
4. Time taken in choosing board used in theatre (9,5)
6. Keeper takes list of duties back to animal (7)
7. Where a canoe would break up (5)
8. Writers in the south employ means of keeping people guessing (8)
9. Time the smart set went about for somewhere to sleep (6,8)
15. Woman with a home in the east of Ireland? (9)
16. Swallowed up like a sailor's gold on the bottom of the sea (8)
18. Myshkin-like (7)
19. In the following duel he turned cautious (7)
20. Gets together for the tune is free (6)
22. Abbey without a north front causes much displeasure (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1509



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Please mention
NEW STATESMAN
When replying
to advertisements

SILVER MOON women's bookshop

is expanding and will soon be open on *Monday* to *Saturday*. Starting **2 June** we need

Two Part-Time Workers

– one for Saturdays and one for Mondays. Additionally, we shall require flexibility for cover of evening events, staff holidays and sickness. Hours **10am to 6.30 pm**, pay **pro-rata to the full time staff**. Bookshop experience is essential and experience in mail order would be a plus. *Non-smoking, dog-lovers preferred!*

Please apply *in writing* by **7 April** to **Silver Moon, 68 Charing Cross Road, London WC2H 0BB.**

CIIR CATHOLIC INSTITUTE FOR INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

DEVELOPMENT DESK PROGRAMME OFFICER

CIIR seeks a new desk officer for its programme of research, information and education on international development issues. This will build upon CIIR's influential work on the relationship between the EEC and the Third World. Initially, the work will focus upon the Common Agricultural Policy and international food and agricultural issues.

CIIR is an independent organisation involved in development education on international and Third World issues in Britain and Europe. The Development Desk works closely with other voluntary agencies, the media, policy-makers, academics and the churches.

The successful applicant will have a broad understanding of development issues and a commitment to international justice.

Salary: £9,600 *plus a dependants' allowance.*

Closing date for applications: **Monday 7 April.**

For a Job Description please write to: Ian Linden, General Secretary, CIIR, 22 Coleman Fields, London N1 7AF.

GLC Working for London

LONDON AGAINST RACISM

Employment prospects for lesbians and gay men.

WHO CARES WHEN THE GLC GOES?

If you are a lesbian or a gay man we don't have to spell out the problems you can encounter when following up training and employment opportunities. Problems arising not just because London is hard hit by unemployment, but because all too often other people's prejudices rob you of an equal chance. Good pay and real career prospects can prove even more elusive if you also have to contend with the unfair treatment traditionally experienced by women, ethnic minorities or people with disabilities.

In the lifetime of this Council, the GLC began proving that positive action can open up job opportunities for people from all sections of our multi-racial community, regardless of any individual's sexual orientation. Lesbian and gay employees were consulted and provided feedback on the changes needed to improve their employment situation and help overcome discrimination and harassment. An equal opportunities officer was appointed to ensure their training and career development needs were capable of being met.

The departure of the GLC is an immense blow to the employment prospects of many. It does not, however, put an end to the work the Council has helped pioneer in bringing equality of opportunity within the reach of more and more people living in London.

For any person keen to work for London there are still many equal opportunities employers worth approaching. The rights of lesbians and gay men are at last beginning to be taken into account by the growing number of employers who back their equal opportunities policy with positive action. Some of London's local authorities are taking the lead.

This publication regularly carries a range of their job vacancy advertisements and is a good starting point.

It is also worth being fully aware of what your rights are, under the Sex Discrimination and Race Relations Acts for example. You can get this information from the concerned bodies such as the Equal Opportunities Commission or Commission for Racial Equality. Details of the special advice centres working in your community and able to help with training and employment problems should be obtainable from your local Council offices.

The future of equal opportunities in London for you and everyone else who suffers disadvantage can only benefit by the determination with which you pursue your right to work.

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New
Statesman

Applications are invited for the post of **Literary Editor.**

The job involves responsibility for commissioning and editing book reviews and for the development of the magazine's literary coverage.

Knowledge of developments in contemporary writing and thought and interest in current publishing practice are important and practical experience of journalism would be a major advantage.

The job would be part-time (three or four days a week by arrangement). Starting salary would be based pro rata on a full-time salary in the range **£11,000-£12,750 p.a.**

Applications in writing (including a brief CV) to: **Hugh Stephenson, Editor, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU by 21 March.**

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE SWANSEA STUDENTS' UNION
require an
Administrator/Union Manager

following the retirement of the present incumbent. Remuneration will be according to the academic scale 11 (commencing salary **£12,300**).
This is the senior position in the Union staff and the successful applicant will be expected to display the appropriate skills, enthusiasm and experience.
The University is a single campus institution situated on the Gower coast.
The Union serves approximately **4,000 students**.
Application forms, job description and other details may be obtained from: **Paul Stokes, Students' Union President, UCS Students' Union, Singleton Park, Swansea SA2 8PP.**
Closing date for return of application forms is: **4 April 1986**. Previous applicants need not reapply.
UC Swansea Students' Union strives to be an Equal Opportunities Employer.

UNHAPPY AT WORK? Friendly woman careers counsellor offers help with all work-related problems and career development. Moderate fees. Tel. 01-586 3817. N10.3

MEETINGS

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk Sun. 8 p.m. 16 March, 'Who, Where, What Is God?' Wed. 19 Mar. 7.30 p.m. 'W. Q. Judge Commemoration'. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. N11.8

PURSUITS

FRIENDLY ARTS ORIENTATED social club for pleasant, professional Londoners. Nouveau, BM Rock, London WC1N 3XX. N10.6

INTELLIGENT, COMPANIONABLE woman, 49, travel, music, animal, laughter-loving with many interests, enquiring mind, sense adventure, seeks mature, compatible travelling companion to Australia. Box (11) 2585. N11.9

INTUITIVE MASSAGE Group meets fortnightly North London. Lady organiser, established four years. New lady members especially welcome to counteract current imbalance. Regret no single males. Box (11)2615. N11.10

MID-LIFE, MIDDLE class, middle of the road, attractive, sociable, independent lady, seeks personal, dynamic, available male to enliven jaded social life. 30 mile radius Huntingdon Cambs. Box (11)2600. N11.11

TWO INTERESTING, lively females in their forties, wish to meet two tall friends, with the same attributes, to share evenings out enjoying music, art, theatre. (Box (11)2587. N11.12

HEARTSEARCH

ACTIVE, ATTRACTIVE, prof., divorced woman, happy, but misses caring/sharing. Socialist, usual cultural interests, seeks male counterpart, 50+, with whom to share spring, summer and maybe longer. Southern England (except London). Phone no. please. ALA. Box (11)2592. N11.13

ANGLO-AMERICAN, professional woman seeks unattached, attractive, passionate man, 45-55, for fun and friendship Cambridge. Box (11)2594. N11.14

ANTI-FASCIST male, 38, fine art consultant, long-term singleton, needs woman to make a stable pairing. Cultural interests, particularly theatre. Photo appreciated. London. Box (11)2624. N11.15

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and Intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-586 2274. N49.19

ASIAN FRIENDS (23-30) sought by gay, 28, graduate, London based, interests: theatre, films, Indian culture and things that matter. Letter, photo appreciated. Box (11)2591. N11.16

ATTRACTIVE, AFFECTIONATE, interesting male journalist, (divorced), youthful fifties, just returned London & lonesome, seeks Springtime romance, with warm-hearted, cuddlesome, preferably sensuous, feminine friend. Photo appreciated. Box (11)2627. N11.17

ATTRACTIVE REDHEAD needs macho-looking, romantic, 30s-40s to love. Interests include: socialism, arts, lazy Sundays in bed doing the crossword, cinema, walking in Kew Gardens and drinking cheap Champagne in the bath. Can't stand liars. Box (11)2584. N11.18

HEARTSEARCH

AUSTRALIAN (born UK), recently retired, 5' 11", slim, wide interests outdoor & cultural. Living apart but still an optimist, holidaying UK July/Sept. seeks lady over 55, share part holiday, to explore potential. Write: P.O. Box 59, Clarence Gardens, South Australia 5039. N11.19

BEARDED DOG-LOVER, 36, deafish, into lip-reading & re-discovering England. Conscientious lady friend would be appreciated this Spring, to roam around with. Box (11)2611. N11.20

BISEXUAL LADY, any nationality, possibly shy, sought and invited by English bachelor (male, youngish 45, own house), to correspond and form a close, loving relationship. Womanly intuition, warmness of nature, sympathetic understanding, and willingness to venture towards this new horizon are all that is required. Box (11)2593. N11.21

CAMBRIDGE-BASED female graduate, late forties, varied cultural interests, seeks non-smoking male home/travelling companion, 45-55. Must enjoy life. Box (11)2621. N11.22

CHAOTIC, CREATIVE, changeable woman, 38, seeks funny, wise and tolerant man, to settle, travel and have children with. South West. Box (11)2586. N11.23

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating. Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011. N49.20

DIFFERENT (attractive gay man, 36, emotionally stable, sincere, into music, travel, computers, language, sex/peace/eco-pol) SEEKS SIMILAR (over 21) for uninhibited, uninhibiting good times in/near Yorkshire. Photo appreciated. Box (07)2374. N7.12

FRUSTRATED? Lady, 20s, very attractive, in similar situation needs help. Interests: arts, music, politics. Needs man, any age, for nightlife, fun. Photo please. Box (11)2581. N11.24

GENTLEMAN. (WELL, he's been known to take the weight on his elbows). South-Cheshire, 55, retired, solvent, no ties. Own house, car, opinions and divorce certificate. Wide but discriminating musical tastes; anti-smoker, personally non-alcoholic; enjoys food, flattery, passion (sometimes), tenderness (always). Hates the usual things but, above all, Tories. Seeks free-minded, unagressively honest woman, 30-50, who thinks she might fit. Object friendship — marriage? Box (11)2590. N11.25

GOOD-LOOKING Marketing Executive, gay, 27, seeks intelligent guy (over 21), who has great sense of humour, enjoys travel, sun, sea, sand; who is optimistic about life! Photo & phone. Box (10)2533. N10.16

HANDSOME MALE University student (21), 6' 2", slim, blue-eyed, seeks vivacious, fun-loving, attractive female, 17-22. Photo please. Box (11)2601. N11.26

INTELLIGENT, ATTRACTIVE, leftish lady, 34, good job, good friends, but recently unattached, seeks articulate, literate man, who loves music, films, books, walking. Box (11)2625. N11.27

INTERCOURSE (even by letter) with a witty woman wanted. Everything else immaterial, but I'm 41 and in Gloucestershire. Box (11)2598. N11.28

INTERESTING, PROFESSIONAL woman, would like to meet warm, caring man, preferably from outside London, with interests in the country and travel, for friendship. Box (11)2626. N11.29

LONELY? Find your perfect partner through astrology! Nationwide service! All ages — all areas! Free details: Astro-date introduction Agency, 7 Jennifer Gardens, Margate, Kent. Tel.: 0843 290735 N9.22

LUNCH PARTNERS: a unique club for GENUINE singles. For membership details without obligation call Margaret on 01-549 1276. N10.21

MANCHESTER: MALE graduate, 34, enjoys cinema, photography, walking, Indian cookery, travel — seeks attractive, intelligent, caring woman, mid/late 20s, for loving relationship. Photo please. Box (11)2596. N11.30

THE MARRIAGE BUREAU (Heather Jenner), 124 New Bond St, W1. 01-629 9634. Individual attention. N50.2

NE WOMAN, early forties, small daughter, large dog, seeks, communication with Navy man, for long-distance relationship. Likes Radio 4, countryside. Non-smoker. Box (11)2595. N11.31

PLEASANT AMATEUR photographer would like to hear from interesting, artistic, young lady to plan figure modelling sans cliche. Surrey. Box (11)2612. N11.32

PROFESSIONAL FEMALE, young-looking 54, enjoying music, people, travel, cats, antiques, cooking, walking, seeks caring relationship, marriage with tall, sincere, genuine male, 50-60. Box (11)2599. N11.33

PROFESSIONAL MAN, 40s, seeks friendship/matrimony with understanding business/professional lady. Possibly intend to start joint property venture in hostel/rest home field. Other interests include: homelife, science, cultural topics, psychology, walking, usual etc. Serious replies only please. ALA. Box (10)2569. N10.25

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, mid 30s, convivial but choosy, seeks knight in shining armour (but nice bloke will do!) to share chat, culture, travel & hills. Liverpool/Manchester. Box (11)2602. N11.34

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, petite and slim, forties, lively and cheerful, wide interests town and country, seeks gentleman to share pleasures and possibly a holiday. Box (11)2620. N11.35

SELECT FRIENDS the Introduction Agency that interviews the people you will meet. Further information: Select Friends, 58 Maddox St, London W1. 01-493 9937. N1.1

TALL, HUMOROUS male, youthful 50, industrious, caring, non-sexist, attached but repenting at leisure, seeks intelligent, venturesome female for discreet, hassle-free friendship/frolics. London/Midlands. Box (11)2616. N11.36

UNINHIBITED GIRLFRIEND urgently needed. Unhealthy man, 36, going to pot, needs a vigorous, attractive, stimulative, physical & mental approach to life. Box (11)2610. N11.37

VERY FEMININE, attractive lady, educated, witty, warm and caring, wide interests, seeks intelligent, successful, kind, romantic man, 45-58. Box (11)2597. N11.38

WELL-BALANCED, outgoing widow, 40s, professional, seeks cultured, intelligent male, to share varied interests. Phone no. please. Cheshire/Staffs. Box (11)2588. N11.39

WOMAN GRADUATE, 31, vegetarian, with a sense of humour, would like to meet tall, kind, intelligent male, 31-45, who likes walking, talking, music. Midlands preferred. Box (11)2582. N11.40

WOMAN, LATE 40s, re-discovering life after children have grown up. Socialist, doing humanities degree. Interests: people, music countryside, seeks man with similar interests for friendship & possible longer-term relationship. Avon area. Box (11)2583. N11.41

YOUR CHOICE — the Introduction Agency with a difference! Your chance to meet new friends/partners through detailed profiles on paper and video. Contact: Jeannie 01-670 9840 or Box (47)1940. N49.23

BILLBOARD

Theatre

BLOOMSBURY THEATRE 01-387 9629 Until 15 March 7.30pm ABBEY OPERA. 19, 21, 22 March 7.30pm **PARK LANE OPERA** in **LA FINTA GIARDINIERA** by Mozart. 1 April-3 May 7.30pm **SHARED EXPERIENCE** in Mike Alfreds's production of **THE THREE SISTERS** by Chekhov.

NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928 2252 Olivier (open stage) THE THREEPENNY OPERA, THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND/THE CRITIC, YONADAB. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) THE DUCHESS OF MALFI, LOVE FOR LOVE, BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS. Cottesloe (small auditorium) NOT ABOUT HEROES, THE FUTURISTS. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY 01-628 8795/638 8891 24 hr info 01-628 2295.

BARBICAN THEATRE Final perfs AS YOU LIKE IT 18-20 March. Book now for new season — MEPHISTO from 29 March, TROILUS & CRESSIDA, THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR extended to 28 June

THE PIT MELONS by Bernard Pomerance **"an extraordinary story"** F Times final perfs 18-20 March. New Season — IL CANDELAIO by Giordano Bruno from 27 March, REAL DREAMS by Trevor Griffiths from 30 April, PHILISTINES by Maxim Gorky extended to 28 June

Cabaret

WIRELESS WIRELESS the topical satire cum revue cum cabaret that thinks its a radio station now available for bookings outside the North East. Radical comedy at its best! Information/brochure from 091-272 2162.

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CONFERENCE

National Conference
4th & 5th April, 1986

Sheffield City Council (with the support of the Centre for Local Economic Strategies) is organising the conference to start on the evening of Friday 4th April.

Accommodation and meals will be provided at the venue — the Totley site of Sheffield City Polytechnic.

Speakers already confirmed include
David Blunkett, Leader of Sheffield MDC
George Henderson,
National Secretary of the T&GWU
and **George Brumwell**
from the National Executive of UCATT

Workshops will discuss in more detail ● the state of public housing ● how to fund more new building, repairs, maintenance, modernisation ● providing a better building service for tenants and users

For further details please contact:
'Homes and Jobs' Conference, Department of Employment and Economic Development, Sheffield City Council, Palatine Chambers, Pinstone Street, SHEFFIELD S1 2HN. Tel: (0742) 755215 ext 230

HOLIDAYS/ TRAVEL

DIG THIS. Archaeology Holidays digging in Galloway from £91 per week. 061-445 3732 or 061-225 7060, or write AAA, 35 Lapwing Lane, Manchester 20. N03.12

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys, 3-6 weeks. JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London W4 2HD. 01-747 3108. N49.30

LET YOUR HOME to a professional family on holiday from Holland, Germany, Scandinavia, etc. Perhaps rent a home or villa in Europe yourself. Write: Dr. N. S. Binkhuysen, P.O. Box 279, 1900AG Castricum, Holland: or phone Readuing (0734) 472524. N6.34

'REVIVE YOUR FRENCH!' *2-week language course for adults, Auvergne—June & September. Activity Holidays Britanny.* Details: ALL (NS), 9 Haywra St, Harrogate. Tel. 0423 525778. N11.42

TRIED THE REST, now try the best. For low air fares to world-wide destinations inc. Africa. SHL, 313A Hoe St, London E17. 01-520 7911. N50.18

OSLO, BERGEN & THE FJORDS £175
24 May-1 June
Free excursions to Vik Fjord, the Jostedal Glacier, Sogn Fjord resorts, Gudvangen, Flam and Myrdal. First class hotel.

YUGOSLAV RIVIERA (Zadar) £160
24 May-5 June
First class hotel. Holiday price includes free excursions to Sibenik, Pag, Trogir, Split and Paklenika National Park.

ALBANIA 24 May-5 June £260
With full board first-class hotel. Excursions to Tirana, Kruja and Berat (museum town) and state fruit farm.

MOSCOW £199
11 day holidays by train, starting every **Tuesday** from **24 May** to **16 September**. Hotel provides full board and programme. Free entry to the Kremlin, all museums and the Exhibition of Scientific Achievement.

BUDAPEST CITY £165
Dates as Moscow. Excursions to Heroes Square, Castle, Liberation Memorial, Roman City, Margaret Island, Zoo, Agricultural Museum and Opera.

Holidays also to Leningrad, Prague, Venice, Verona, E. Germany, Sochi, Tashkent, Volgograd and Algeria. Please state country required.

YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Tel: 0484 24269

AGENDA

FOR DETAILS CALL DAVID JONES 01-251 5487

SAT 15 MAR

CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST MOVEMENT. Tawney Memorial Lecture (free) 10.45am, Lambeth Mission, 1-5 Lambeth Rd, London SE1: Cedric Mayson, "LIBERATION AND THE WINESKIN BUSINESS – A WHITE AFRICAN LOOKS AT CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM IN THE WEST". Enquiries 42 Parliament Hill, London NW3 2TN.

NUTRITION AND FOOD ADDITIVES. Conference at South Bank Polytechnic, Borough Rd., SE1. 10.30am-4.30pm. Speakers from the Co-operative Wholesale Society and the London Food Commission. Displays and Videos. Refreshments provided. Organised by CWS Ltd. Royal Arsenal Branch Political Committee.

MON 17 MAR

SOCIALIST SOCIETY DEBATE: "What if there's a Hung Parliament?" Speakers: Robin Blackburn and Mike Rustin. Old Coffee House, 49 Beak Street, London W1. 8pm. Contributions. Enquiries 01-734 8501.

BENEATH THE WHITE COAT: seminars on science and politics organised by the **British Society for Social Responsibility in Science.** This week: *Jonathan Rosehead,* President, OR Society (in a personal capacity) 'OPERATIONS RESEARCH: FROM SOCIALIST SCIENCE TO MANAGEMENT SCIENCE.' 8.00pm Adam's Arms, Conway Street, London W1. (Tube: Warren Street).

IS THE RELIGIOUS SLAUGHTER OF ANIMALS HUMANE? Public meeting in the Library, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London WC1. 7.15pm. Speakers: John Douglas (RSPCA), Rabbi Berkovitz (Jewish Community), Dr El Essawy (Islamic Community) & G. N. Deodhekar (N.S.S.) Chair: Barbara Smoker. Organisers: National Secular Society 01-272 1266, All welcome.

FRI 21 MAR

SHAW SOCIETY. Performance by Ian and Elizabeth — "Theatre Through the Ages." At Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Coffee 6.30pm, *performance 7.00pm.*

FRI 21-SAT 22 MAR

WESTERN SAHARA: TEN YEARS OF WAR AND REFUGEES. A CONFERENCE on the conflict in Northwest Africa dealing with Decolonisation, International Law, Women and Refugees, the Polisario Front, International and regional implications of the continuing war with Morocco.
Registration £12.50, £2.50 unwaged. Details: Refugee Studies Programme, Queen Elizabeth House, 21 St. Giles, Oxford. (0865 52952).

SAT 22 MAR

LONDON GOVERNMENT IN RETROSPECT, 1945-65. A Conference on the Post-War L.C.C. at County Hall, London SE1, 11am. Speakers include: Ken Livingstone, Jack Jones, Michael Ward, Jeremy Seabrook. Free. All Welcome.

WORLD WARS— 1. THE GULF WAR

Dayschool organised by the World Disarmament Campaign UK.
Sat 22 March 10.30-5.00
Speakers from SOAS, CARDRI, CODIR.
At Quaker International Centre, 1 Byng Place, London WC1.
£5/£3 unwaged.
***Details:* WDC, 45-47 Blythe Street, London E2 6LX. Tel: 01-729 2523.**

COURSE

IRISH STUDIES at Kilburn Polytechnic Wednesday and Thursday evenings 6.00-9.00pm. Language — Literature — History — The Irish in London. *RECEPTION* Wednesday 9th April at Priory Park Road NW6. Contact Geraldine Lander or Nora O'Mahony. Tel 328 8241.

Save the Children

PROSPECTS FOR AFRICA

Prospects for Africa is a series of six seminars organised by The Save the Children Fund highlighting the development problems facing African governments and identifying future priorities for assistance.

March 17 1986 — 6-8pm

The United Nations: the Challenge Ahead

Speakers: Jonathan Dimbleby, Broadcaster and journalist Richard Jolly, Deputy Executive Director, UNICEF and Professional Fellow of the University of Sussex; formerly Director of the Institute of Development Studies

Admission: £5 (one or more seminars)

At: The Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors, 12 Great George Street, London SW1.

Booking: Barbara Hewitt, The Save the Children Fund, 17 Grove Lane, London SE5 8RD. Tel: 01-703 5400.

HISTORY WORKSHOP CENTRE FOR SOCIAL HISTORY

ENGLAND BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR

Saturday 22 March 1986 St Cross College, St Giles, Oxford

Gerald Aylmer	*An Absolute Monarchy in the Making? England Under Charles I*
Charles Webster	*Francis Bacon and the Revolution in Science*
David Norbrook	*The Politics of Tragedy*
Christopher Hill	*Religion, Politics and Archbishop Laud*

Tickets from History Workshop Centre, Ruskin College, Oxford
Waged £10 Unwaged £6 Centre members reduction of £1. Price of ticket includes lunch, tea and coffee.

'Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Typesetting by Tocatta Graphics, Tabard House, 116 Southwark Street, London SE1
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MISANTHROPIC MUSINGS : THAT TIME OF LIFE
BERYL'S HAVING A CRISIS ABOUT BABIES, JADE
WHAT BROUGHT THIS ON? NOTHING TO DO WITH MY BABY?
OH NO .. IT WAS SIMPLY MY STARTLING DISCOVERY THAT
I'VE GOT TWO OLD BOYFRIENDS ATTENDING THE SAME CHILD BIRTH CLASS
JANIS GOODMAN

CHESS

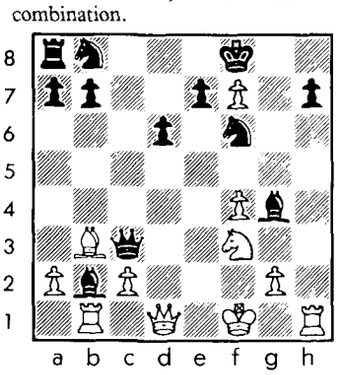
THE ARC Young Masters tournament, held this year on the weekend of 21-23 February in Uppingham, is primarily intended as a training event that gives promising juniors some hard practice against seasoned performers.So who wins it is not the most important thing. But Jim Plaskett won so well, with a perfect 6/6 score, that we should at least congratulate him on recovering so quickly from having played a stinker at Hastings. In fact this is absolutely characteristic of Plaskett's uncompromising style — always bloody, never bowed. The miniature he produced in the final round is in danger of becoming the only 1986 ARC game that people know, but it is too elegant for me to resist:

Plaskett-Hartston, ARC 1986. Sicilian Defence.
1. e4 c5 2. Nf3 e6 3. d4 cxd4 4. Nxd4 Nc6. 5. Nc3 a6 6. Be2 Nge7 7. 0-0 Nxd4 8. Qxd4 Nc6. 9. Qd3 Nb4? We can now see why this is a bad move and that Black should prefer the sound, all-purpose 9 . . . Qc7. But of course Hartston was trying to win too. **10. Qg3! Nxc2 11. Bg5 f6 12. Bf4! Kf7** One of those ugly moves one only plays after reluctantly rejecting more natural choices. Against 12 . . . Nxa1 Jim had the lovely variation 13. Bh5+ g6 14. Bxg6+ hxg6 15. Qxg6+ Ke7 16. e5! ready. No better is 12 . . . e5 13. Bxe5! fxe5 14. Bh5+ g6 15. Qxe5+ with a devastating attack. **13. Bc7 Qe8 14. Rad1 b5 15. e5!** Neatly combining the assault on Black's king and a threat to win material with Bf3. **Bb7 16. exf6 Kg8 17. fxg7 Bxg7 18. Be5 1-0.** Black loses a piece after 18 . . . Qf7 19. Bxg7 Qxg7 20. Qxg7+ Kxg7 21. Rxd7+.

This brevity nicely illustrates the most appealing feature of combinations — their power to shatter the illusions of routine thinking. After 9 . . . Nb4 it seemed that White would have to defend the c2 pawn (10Qd1/2). But Plaskett didn't. After the capture on c2 surely White must do something about the attack on the Ra1. Wrong again, and this time fatally wrong since two such misconceptions add up to a lost game. Although Plaskett is quite capable of thinking up an idea like this (10. Qg3 and its consequences) at the board, it was the product of opening preparation.

Does that detract from the value of the game? I don't think so. Without independent and original thought knowledge of opening theory is a double-edged weapon. It can help you to win, but it can also set you up for a refutation. Consider, for example, this sharp variation of the **Pirc Defence**:

1. e4 d6 2. d4 Nf6 3. Nc3 g6 4. f4 Bg7 5. Nf3 0-0 6. e5 Nfd7 7. h4 c5 8. h5 cxd4 9. hxg6 dxc3 10. gxf7+ Rxf7 11. e6 cxb2 12. exf7+ Kf8 13. Bxb2 Bxb2 14. Bc4 Qa5+ 15. Kf1 Nf6 16. Rb1 Qc3 17. Bb3 Bg4, and at this point Ray Keene and I published, in a 1972 book, the assessment that Black stands much better. However, White has a combination.



All these moves were repeated in a 1983 East German correspondence game **Hassmer-Hafner**, with the startling denouement:

18. Ng5!! Bxd1 White should also win, though not so rapidly, after 18 . . . Qxb3 19. cxb3 Bxd1 20. Ne6+ Kxf7 21. Nc7 etc. **19. Rxh7! Nbd7** Or 19 . . . Nxh7 20. Nxh7+ Kg7 21. f8=Q+ kxh7 22. Bg8+ and mates in two. **20. Ne6 mate.**

Herr Hafner may not forgive that assessment. *Mea culpa*. But that's just the sort of thing you have to look out for in openings books. For the record I should point out that the error lies entirely in the illusion that 17 . . . Bg4 prevents 18. Ng5. Once again the combination is the actualization of the unthinkable — unthinkable so long as we are dominated by certain presuppositions ('White can't afford to lose his queen.'). So we must re-think. Let Black instead play **17 . . . Nc6 18. Ng5 Bf5** and the assessment 'advantage for Black' can be restored. At any rate, I jolly well hope so, as a refutation of that would necessitate painfully radical re-thinking.

George Botterill

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QUIZ

1) Whose appointment as the next presenter of *Weekend World* was announced last week?
2) Whose appointment as the next Chairman of British Leyland was announced last week?
3) Which member of the Royal Family told the Chairman of Avon County Council to 'stop wittering' last week?
4) Which member of the Royal Family met Bernie Grant last week prompting him to admit that 'I've never had anything against the Royal Family'?
5) Which council leader described which deputy leader of a council last week as 'possibly one of the most attractive faces in the Labour Party since Sir Oswald Mosley'?
6) Which country was described by President Reagan last week as 'a country held captive by a cruel clique of deeply committed communists at war with God and man'?
7) Which country is holding a referendum this weekend on whether to join the UN general assembly?
8) Which civil service union voted last week to establish a political fund?

Answers

1) Matthew Parris; 2) Graham Day; 3) Princess Anne; 4) Princess Diana; 5) Ken Livingstone on Derek Hatton; 6) Nicaragua; 7) Switzerland; 8) Inland Revenue Staff Association

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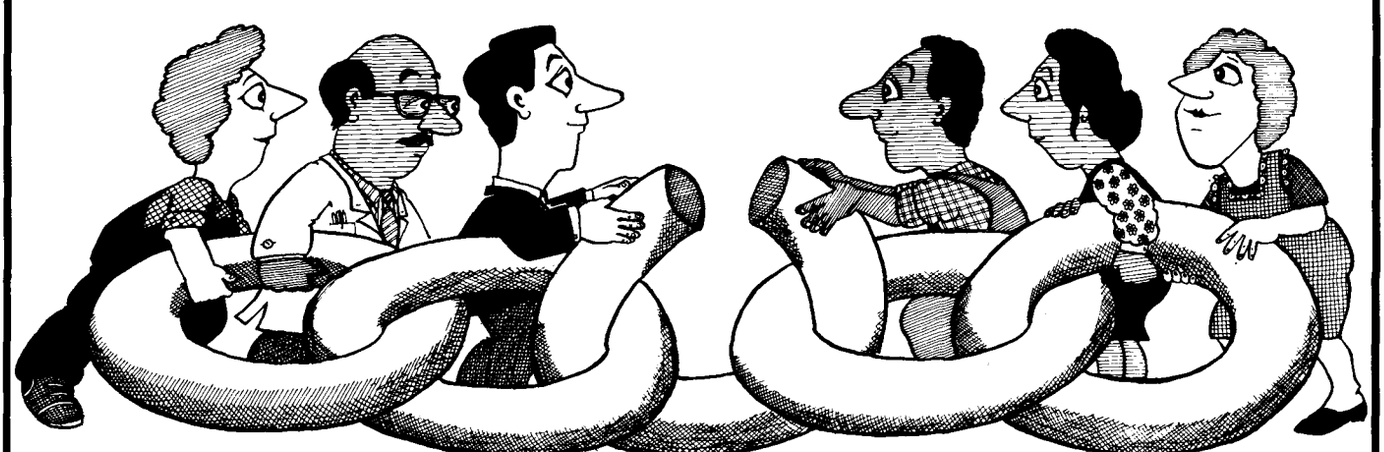

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